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ROSALIND HUBERT; OR, THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Away, away—through villages—over hills—through green woods—by orchards where the fruit, swelling in green buds, promised bounteous harvest—by farm-houses, as quiet and comfortable as the one upon the hill-side—by pastures, where the reposing herds had sought just such shelters as the old oaks used to afford—and so on, until the sun hung low in the west, and a large town appeared ahead. Rosalind asked what place it was, and she was told it was Troy.

"We're in New York State, now," Gondam said, "and I think we shall soon be out of danger. I don't think our pursuers have been on our track to-day."

"Could they take me from another State?" the girl asked.

"Yes—if they could find you. Why—bless you, they could take a murderer from Europe."

Rosalind hid her face away, and asked no more.

In a little while they came to the city, and when they stopped it was upon a pier, by the river's side. A large steam-boat lay close at hand, with the steam ever and anon shrieking from her escape-valve, and her bell ringing. Great boxes, and bales, and barrels were scattered about, and a score of men, with low barrows, were wheeling them on board.

"Is that the first bell, sir?" asked Gondam of a man who stood on the pier.

"Yes."

"And how long before the boat starts?"

"In fifteen minutes."

"Then we have no time to lose," said the broker, turning to his companion.

He led her over the plank, and when they reached the broad gangway, he bade her stand by a pile of boxes while he went to buy tickets.

"Let me go in there," she urged, pointing to a door where women were passing in.

"Hush! That is the ladies' cabin. Remember you are a boy?"

Rosalind shrank back into a corner, and Gondam left her. She saw him go to a little window, where there were a number of men crowding and pushing, and she watched his movements until a new object arrested her attention. She became aware that some one was observing her, and on turning she saw a girl, whose large, black eyes were fixed upon her. She was a pretty girl, not more than seventeen or eighteen; very well dressed, and possessing one of the most beautiful forms Rosalind had ever seen. But the most striking feature about her were her large, black eyes. They had a strange, liquid luster, and, with the glossy, jetty hair, which hung in long ringlets over her temples and neck, they formed a marked contrast with the white, pale face. The poor fugitive could not bear the searching gaze of those eyes, and she turned away. She thought the girl made a motion to approach her, but the arrival of her uncle at that moment relieved her.

"Come, Rosa. I've got a state-room for you—a room where you'll be all alone and safe."

He spoke very kindly, and his tone and look had more of solicitude than usual. He led her up a flight of winding stairs into a large saloon, and then he turned into a narrow passage, and soon opened a door which had a number on it, and bade her go in. It was a neat, clean little place, with bright, white panels, a little square window, with a crimson curtain, while on one side were two bunks, shaded by heavy draperies of crimson and white.

"There," said Gondam, "I think you will be very comfortable here. I will leave the key of the door on the inside, and you had better look it when I go out. I must hurry away now, to see to my horse before the boat starts. When supper is ready I will bring you some. You can unlock the door when I rap."

"Yes," replied the girl.

"And you had better not leave this room until I call you in the morning. You will be safer here, for there are many people on board the boat. You can look out from the window, and see the pretty sights."

"I shall stay in here, uncle."

"That's right. You'll be safer. Good-by—for the present. Keep up a stout heart. We'll soon be out of danger."

Gondam spoke in an abrupt, hurried manner, but Rosalind supposed he only was in haste to see to his horse, and she thought little of it. When he was gone she turned the key in the lock, and then went to the window and pulled aside the curtain. She could see the river, with many boats passing to and fro, and upon the opposite bank a small village, and the vessels at anchor along the shore. She was just turning away, with the intention of lying down, when there came a rap upon her door. She supposed her uncle had returned for something, and she hastened to open it.

"Let me in, in mercy's name!" uttered a voice, and in a moment more those large, strange, black eyes were fixed again upon her. But they had a prayerful, beseeching look, and there was fear and doubt upon the white face.

"Do not fear me," the stranger said, as she



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closed the door behind her, and turned the key. She then faced Rosalind, and gazed upon her for some moments in silence.

"Who are you?—What do you want?" faintly asked our heroine, trembling with apprehension, and shrinking away towards the window.

"I want pity! I am unfortunate!" cried the girl, clasping her hands, and sinking upon her knees.

"Pity!—Unfortunate!" repeated Rosalind, her own soul echoing with the words till she felt faint.

"Yes," returned the fair intruder, still upon her knees. "I am unfortunate, and to you I have come. I have seen no other face to which I dared turn. Oh! if you can, have compassion upon me, and turn me not away!"

Rosalind forgot her own terrible misfortune for the while, for the plea thus made touched her heart with a strange power.

"Arise," she said, stepping forward and taking the girl's outstretched hand. "Don't kneel to me. Come and sit by me, and tell me what I can do."

"You are not a man—not a boy?" the suppliant resumed, as she arose to her feet.

Rosalind hesitated, and trembled.

"O—do not fear me," the other cried. "If you have a secret, it is safe with me. I know you were a girl, like myself, when I saw your face below. As true as God lives, I will not expose you!"

Rosalind fell upon the bosom of the speaker, and burst into tears. It seemed a touching voice—a friendly voice—the first she had heard from one of her own sex for a long time—and she could no more have resisted the impulse than she could have resisted the sympathy that had sprung to life within her.

"You have guessed rightly," she murmured. "I am a female, as unfortunate as female can be; but if I can help you I will—only tell me how."

They sat down upon the two chairs, and then the stranger took Rosalind's hand and said—

"I can only tell you that I am very unfortunate. I am fleeing from wretchedness and misery!"

"Are you going home?" asked Rosalind in a whisper.

"Home!" repeated the other. Her gaze was vacant for a few seconds, as though she were looking at some old memory, and then she added—"Alas! I have no home! I have no parents! I am a poor, friendless wanderer!"

"Don't cry," said Rosa, bending forward and kissing the poor forsaken. "Tell me how I can help you. I will do anything."

"Would you," returned the girl, looking quickly around, "let me sleep here to-night?"

"Perhaps you have a companion."

"Oh—I—I—fear I might see you here. Have you no place to sleep?"

"Worse than that," replied the suppliant, bowing her head in shame, even before the girl who was forced to wear a disguise, "I have no money."

"No money?"

"I must go to New York, and yet I cannot pay my fare. They will put me off the boat if they find me."

"Do you mean to New York city?" asked Rosalind, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And does this boat go there?"

"Of course it does. Are you not going there, too?"

"I—perhaps so. But—I don't know. The man whom you saw with me didn't tell me where we should stop. But—Please don't ask me any more. I am afraid to answer."

"You are afraid of the man?"

"No, no—not of him. He is good to me now."

Those black eyes looked as though their owner very much doubted this last assertion, but the doubt was not spoken.

At this point the bell, which had been ringing for some minutes, suddenly stopped, and there was

a loud shouting of voices, a splashing of great ropes in the water, and presently the boat began to groan and tremble like a troubled monster.

"Are we going?" asked Rosalind, casting her eyes towards the window.

"Yes. We are already off," returned the other.

"And—I shall be—"

"Stop," interrupted our heroine, comprehending what her companion would say. "Perhaps you may stay here. But never mind for that. I have money. I can spare it well enough. I will give you sufficient for your fare, and more, too; so, if that will help you, just tell me so."

The strange eyes gazed up again, full of honest, heart-sent tears, and the girl put out her hands and caught Rosalind about the neck.

"Oh!" she cried, "this is worse than all. But I shall accept your offer, and if you are going to New York, I will some day repay you."

"Speak not of that, I pray. I have enough for now. Here—will this do? Tell me, if it will not speak truly, for God knows I mean well."

It was a five-dollar note, and as the forsaken girl held it in her hand, she tried in vain to utter her thanks, though her gratitude could not have been more fully expressed.

"Let us look out at the window," she said, "and when these tears are all gone, and I am calm again, I will go and buy my ticket."

They both went to the window, and in a little while the boat stopped at a wharf before a large city, which Rosalind was informed was Albany. After they had left this place, and had passed much beautiful scenery, the stranger said, she would go and pay her fare.

Rosalind felt as though she were losing a friend. Something whispered to her that she might trust this girl.

"You will come back," she said, upon the impulse of this feeling.

"If you will let me, I should like to."

"The man will bring me my supper. Come when he goes away."

The girl promised that she would do so, and then went out. Rosalind went back to the window, for the cool breeze felt grateful; but she saw little of the scenery now. The sun had gone, and the stars were peeping out through the thin veil of twilight. She could see the shore, and the tops of the trees, and the houses, with lights in the windows, and she could see the vessels and the boats, and she could hear the voices of men and boys from the distant docks, and she could see how the little boats, and even the larger crafts, pitched and tossed when they fell into the spreading wake of the steamer's wheels. But she dared not stand there long, for the air became damp and chill, and she began to shiver. So she closed the window and went and sat down. After this she thought of the girl who had visited her, and she felt assured that she was one in whom the trust of a friend might be placed.

"She is one," said Rosalind to herself, "in whom there can be no natural tendency to evil. She would not sin of her own accord. She is strong in purpose, though, perhaps, weak in misfortune and want—weak in a melting mood, but willful when opposed. Her eyes tell it. How they burn—how they melt—how they gaze—and how soft they look in tears."

And so was the girl pondering when some one rapped upon her door. She arose and opened it, and—it was not her uncle. It was Patrick McCarthy. He bore a tray in his hand, upon which were pie, cake and tea.

"Where is my niece?" asked Rosalind, as she moved back to let the man enter. She spoke in a frightened tone, for she had a strange dread of this burly coachman.

"Bother his soul," replied Mr. McCarthy, setting the tray down upon the wash-stand, and speaking in a tone of virtuous indignation, "I told him he'd be left, sure, if he didn't hurry."

"Left!" repeated the girl, in alarm.

"Yes—left. How could he expect it otherwise when he staid here palaverin' wid yerself so long? I offered to take care of his horse, and be jabbers, he said no. He said he could do that same thing himself. An' so, ye see, he lost the boat, and now he'll be ather waitin' for the next one."

"The next one?—When does that start?"

"Not 'till two good hours from this one; an' he's got to go over to Albany to take it, too. But don't be afeared, Miss Rosa. Do you jist keep yerself all tight an' comfortable here, an' I'll see ye safe through. The botherin' loafer! He got down upon the pier jist as the boat cast off. Didn't ye hear him boller?"

"No."

"But he did, though. He yelled like a good one. But these boats don't put back for the lazy ones. He cried out to me, an' sez he, 'Stop at the Bowers.' That's the name of a hotel, me dear. He told me to stop there, an' he'd be on hand for a respectable breakfast. An' so he will, for the Albany boat is faster nor this one, an' she'll run the chance of gettin' in about as soon as we, now. So don't be afeared."

"But will my uncle be at the boat to take me to the hotel?"

"Didn't I tell ye I'd take ye there meself?"

"But we can stay on board the boat until he comes."

"He won't come to the boat, honey. He'll go right straight to the hotel, 'cause, d'y'e see, he said I'd be sure an' take ye there. Ye ain't afeared o' me, be ye?"

"But, oh! why didn't my uncle come?"

"Blessed Virgin, haven't I told ye? He couldn't do it."

"But—but—"

"But what?"

"He might have known—"

"Jist what I told him; but he thought he know'd better, an' now see what's come of it. But it don't make much difference. I'm here all the same, an' I'll see ye through. Isn't that enough? Gracious! 'tisin' much pleasanter for me than 'tis for you, for I'm a strange fish to have the care of the likes o' yerself. But I'll do the best, honey, an' that'll be good enough. Jist think for a single moment what ye'd 'a done ef ye'd been left alone!"

Rosalind made no reply, and the man proceeded—

"Now I'll light yer lamp for ye, an' then I'll lave ye till mornin', unless I come to take the things away."

"No, no—leave them till morning," urged the girl. "I shan't eat all this to-night. Please leave them."

"Jist as you say."

With this the man took the brass lamp down from its hanging-place, and went out with it. He soon returned with it lighted, and when he had hung it up again, he said—

"Whin ye turn in, Miss Rosa, ye can pick down one o' these wicks, an' lave the other burnin' all night if ye like. So now be aisy. All will go right ef ye kape sung an' comfortable. There won't nobody trouble ye, for there's nobody but meself aboard as knows anything at all about ye. Good night!"

When the man was gone, and Rosalind had locked the door, she sank down into a chair, and tried to think; but so many doubts and fears, and hopes and possibilities, came rushing upon her, that she could call her thoughts into no regular channel. Only one idea seemed clearly fixed in her mind, and that was a dread of Patrick McCarthy. She thought of him as a serpent coiled up in her path. His eyes had glared upon her like serpent's eyes, and his whole tone bore a fearfully remembered counterpart to her ear. She remembered, on that first night of her great joy, when the sun of love had risen so hopefully and happily upon her—when she came from the green pastures with Albert, how the slimy, venomous ad

der had crawled on before her, and hidden beneath the door-stone. Again the glittering spots of the serpent passed before her—they danced and glistened in the lamp-light—they mixed and mingled into varied hues, and finally, as she sank lower down and covered her face, they changed to a darker hue, and the serpent was of the color of blood!

CHAPTER XX.

THE OUTCAST'S STORY.

For some time Rosalind sat in a sort of stupor, so completely was she overcome by the combined host of present fears and old memories, and when she was aroused, it was by a rap upon the door. She started quickly up, and a gleam of relief flashed across her thin, pale face as she admitted the forsaken stranger.

"I have come," the girl said, after the door had been locked, "for I saw a man bring your supper, and then go away. But it was not the one I saw with you below. Will he come, too?"

"No," returned Rosalind, without hesitation, but betraying some uneasiness; "he has been left behind. In caring for his horse he lost the boat, and the man you just saw is his coachman. But he will come in the next boat."

Those black eyes were fixed upon Rosalind with an earnest gaze, as though they would look into her very soul; and twice the owner's lips moved, as though she spoke to herself.

"Come," continued our heroine, "you don't doubt me, I hope?"

"Doubt you?" returned the other, sadly. "Oh, no. No one could look into those sweet eyes of yours, and doubt you after that."

"And your eyes would lead me to trust you," said Rosalind, earnestly.

"Why so? My eyes are not like yours. They are full of fire and passion. Yours are full of love."

"And cannot you love?" Rosalind asked.

"Love? Oh, my God! The forsaken one pressed her hand upon her heart, and in a moment more added—

"Would to God that passion had been denied me, or that I had found my grave ere I knew what 'twas to love! But let that pass. I may say no more."

Rosalind was startled by the strange look and tone of her companion; but sympathy was uppermost, and she affectionately took her hand.

"You have a friend in me—one who needs love—"

"And I do love you," cried the homeless wanderer. "I loved you the moment you spoke kindly to me; and no act of yours could prevent me from loving and trusting you. Can you say the same to me?"

"I can—I do," answered Rosalind, warmly. "But come—you have not been to supper."

"No. But I cannot consent to share—"

"Stop. You shall not say so. I have here far more than I can eat. It will please me if you will. Come—now don't deny me this boon. Take off your bonnet, and share my supper."

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you will assume your own— But no. I will not ask it."

"You were going to ask me to assume my own dress."

"Yes."

"I could not if I would, for they are all in my trunk, and that is put away with all the other trunks, where we first came in. But," added Rosalind, with a faint smile, "I can let down my hair, as yours is."

And as she spoke she pulled away the bands and pins, and the rich brown tresses fell in a shower upon her neck and shoulders.

"Oh!—how much better you look—to me; for you are truly of my own sex now."

"And you will eat with me, won't you?"

"Yes—anything you ask."

So they moved their chairs up to the wash-stand and commenced their repast, and when they had both eaten sufficient there was some left.

"You are robbing yourself for me," said the guest.

"Nay," returned Rosalind, with a shake of the head; "I fear it is you who are doing that. I cannot eat more. I have eaten more to-night than I have eaten at any one meal for many days. Your company has given me an appetite."

"I wish it could give you hope and joy."

"Alas! I fear that cannot come till this poor life is done!" replied Rosalind, with a mournful look. Again those strange eyes gazed as before, only this time more long and intently.

"Why do you look at me so?" Rosalind asked, growing almost uneasy.

"Because I would know you better. I would be your friend. I, who have no friend on earth that I know, would be a friend to you. Trust me—trust me; and I will trust you; and if you have a secret you would not have others know, it shall be locked up in this bosom as sacredly as ever mortal priest kept the confessional. I know not why it is, but something tells me I may help you. Will you not tell me your name?"

There is nothing to the over-burdened soul more grateful than a confidant—one to whom the whole story of sorrow may be told without fear, and with assurance of sympathy. It may give no hope; but it gives consolation and relief, as a lull in the fierce storm gives renewed strength to the shipwrecked mariner, even though help be not in sight, and only a single plank 'twixt him and death. Rosalind wanted such a confidant. The terrible secrecy that had been forced upon her was eating away her life, not that her soul refused the keeping, but because she wanted sympathy. She gazed once more into the dark eyes of her companion, and, stranger as she was—outcast and wanderer though she might be—she resolved to trust her—to trust her fully, and win all her confidence and

love. She stretched forth her hand, and in the fulness of her soul she said—

"I know I may trust you. My name is Rosalind Hubert."

"And mine is Jane Lillon," returned the other, in a fond, loving tone. "And now I am going to tell you my story. Listen, for it has a deep lesson. Would you like to hear it?"

"Indeed I should," answered Rosalind, with a look of interest which overcame much of the shadow upon her face. "I will be your friend, too."

"You have been—yes, are," cried Jane, warmly. "But I will tell you. You know you have promised that nothing could prevent you from loving me."

"Fear not, Jane. I will love you after all."

"Well," the wanderer commenced, "I was born far away in the country—in Vermont. There were only two children of us—a brother and myself—and when I was three years old my mother died. My father only lived a year after that, and then I was sent to live with an uncle—an only brother of my father. He was a stern, austere man; a deacon in the church; and measured everything by his own standard of righteousness. Of real love he had no conception. In all his prayers, and in all his exhortations to duty, he labored only with the wrathful side of his religion, and sought to move us by terror alone. I was a wild, wayward girl; a romp, and a playful thing. My uncle said my foolish father had spoiled me by his ungodliness and irreligion. Such things made me angry, for my father had been a noble, generous man; beloved and honored by all who knew him; and I remembered well how kind he was, and how he used to play with me. So these very efforts of my uncle to make me better, as he called it, were only calculated to harden my soul against all his teachings. He saw the result, but he could not see the cause. He was a tyrant, and he whipped me. Oh! if he could have seen the spirit which he aroused within me when those blows fell upon my quivering flesh, he would have been startled if there had been a spark of sense or reason in him."

"And so I grew up. I knew no love—I saw none at my home. I did love my little schoolmates, but even with them I was not allowed to play. At length a new world was opened to me. A young man, who had just moved into the town, made my acquaintance, and soon made me love him. I did love him—God knows how truly—how devotedly. And he said he loved me. I knew he was not like my uncle, for he was wild and reckless; but even this had a charm in my eyes, for 'twas a relief from the awful sternness of everything at home. I had no counsel upon which I could rely—no advice I cared for. My uncle issued his commands, and threatened me with direst vengeance if I disobeyed. Oh! there was a very charm in disobeying such a man. In all the years that had passed he had denied me every pleasure, every comfort, because, he said, they were sinful, while my own soul had felt that they were innocent and healthy. Is it a wonder, then, that habit should have led me to be blinded by this new and exquisite pleasure which had opened upon me?"

Rosalind was so absorbed in the story that she did not answer; and after a short pause Jane continued—

"I loved this man with all the ardor of the soul's first affection, and I became almost lost to everything else. I thought of him in my day-dreams and in my night-dreams. I promised to be his wife, and he swore that he would love me always, and be true to me even unto death. So I became his slave, and he whispered such sweet words into my ear that I thought the chains were of gold. But I awoke from the dream. Oh, my God! I awoke from the dream!"

"Did he die?" asked Rosalind, trembling at the strange look which had come over her companion's face.

"Die?" cried Jane, clasping her hands, and lifting them high above her head. "Oh! would to God he had, for then I might have borne all my agony, and yet held the one sweet thought that he loved me. No," she added, letting her hands fall, and gazing into Rosalind's face, "he did not die. He left the town. He went away. And he left a note for me, in which he said that I must think no more of him—that ours had been a foolish affair—that he had been in such scrapes before, and he had found it best to let them pass as quietly as possible. And then he said he would never trouble me any more! Oh! I know not how I have power to tell this as I do! If you could see how the words burn, and hiss, and scald in my soul as I utter them, you would pity me, I know."

"I do—I do pity you!" exclaimed Rosalind, throwing her arms around her companion's neck.

They wept for a few moments together, and then Jane gently put her friend away, and resumed:

"Sick at heart, weary, tired of life, with all my great love turned seething back upon my soul in greater hate, I lay me down, I hoped, to die! Even a mother's affection was denied me. When my child lay upon my bosom, and drew its life from my breast, I could not hope it would live. But when it fell sick, then I loved it. And when it died I wept over it, though I was thankful it had never learned the name of mother!"

The poor wronged one bowed her head, and burst into tears; and again Rosalind put her arms about her, and wept with her.

"Do you not fear me now? Do you not hate me?" asked Jane.

"Oh—no, no, no! I can love you more than ever!" cried Rosalind, with a burst of generous, noble feeling. "Now that I know your great misfortune I can give you more sympathy."

The stricken girl sobbed forth her thanks and blessings upon the bosom of her friend, and when she was able to proceed, she said:

"The rest of my story is soon told. When I was able to leave my bed, and walk about out of doors, my uncle took me by the hand, and led me forth from his house. He stood upon his doorstep, and told me never to cross it again! He told me I was—But I cannot repeat all he said. He closed the door upon me, and—I turned from the last home I ever had! I fled, I know not whither. I wandered up and down, and the storm beat upon me, and the rain wet me through. The chill blasts of the night wrapped me almost like a shroud of ice, while my soul was frozen up in the arctic embrace. I sank down by the way-side, and strangers picked me up. For long weeks I lay, a pensioner upon the bounty of a poverty-stricken family, and finally I was able to walk forth again. They would have kept me if they could, but I knew their situation, and could not have remained had they asked it. I paid them in blessings, and hurried away. I walked on, with my face towards the great city—and, here I am!"

As the girl ceased speaking she bowed her head upon her hands, and Rosalind sprang forward, and kissed her upon the cheek.

"Hold!" cried Jane, starting up, and putting her sympathizing companion from her. "You have heard my story. Do you think I would thus have laid bare my heart without a purpose?" She gazed strangely out of her great black eyes as she spoke, and Rosalind shrank before the glance.

Then she asked Rosalind some questions as to the kind of life she had led.

"You have friends?" pursued Jane, with a more earnest look.

"Yes."

"True, honest friends?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Then—return to them! Let my story be a—"

"Oh, stop! stop!" cried Rosalind, putting out both her hands. "I know what you mean. But listen to me. I will trust you as you have trusted me."

And then she told how she had been left with her uncle in infancy, and how that uncle had given her to the good farmer. And she told how pleasantly and happily she had lived there—how she had been loved and cherished as a child, and how she had grown to love all about her. The thought that her parents might be still living, with some crime upon them, as her uncle had intimated, came often to trouble her, but all her friends knew the probability as well as she did, and they loved and respected her all the same. She told of Albert Varrondale, of his honor and his love, and of their mutual vows. And then, of the coming of her uncle, and of the story by which he got her away from her home. She told how she was taken to the house of the pawnbroker, and what she found there. She went on and told of the coming of Gabriel Barber—of his familiarity and insolence, and of the shameful imposition which was put upon her in the mock-marriage.

"I knew I was not married," she continued, with touching energy. "I knew that the seeming priest was a low, debauched wretch, a fit companion for those whom he served; and I resolved that I would die ere I would suffer the approach of that vile man who had professed to take the name of husband! I had pledged my faith to another, and before God I was innocent. I went to my chamber—the chamber that had been my prison—and shortly afterwards the wretch came. I had an iron wrench in the room, one which I had brought up to open the window with in order to make my escape. I had done that, and I now seized the wrench for another purpose. The man entered, and called me wretch! I had him stand back—to leave me. I begged of him, for his own sake, for mine, to go. I told him I was mad, that I was not responsible—that I was not his wife—that I would die ere he should harm me. But he would not listen—he thought to conquer me, and he grasped me with his wicked hand. I struck him, on the temple, with the heavy iron. There was madness, frenzy, everything in the blow, and he sank at my feet. I flew to the window, threw up the liberated sash, made a rope of my bedding, then I looked once more upon the prostrate wretch—he lay still and stiff, and then I fled. Out into the storm I swung myself upon the frail sheets, and finally gained the street. I fled towards my old home; but a watchman stopped me, and would not let me go, and I spent the night in the watch-house. In the morning the pawnbroker came—he knew where to look for me, and told me my old friends were at his house. In my bewilderment I trusted him, and suffered him to lead me away; and when I reached his house he told me that Barber was dead, and that the officers were after me for the murder!"

Rosalind stopped here till she had recovered strength to go on, and then she proceeded:

"The whole current of my thoughts, of my life, was changed now. I had killed a human being, and the court would not ask me why. The officers of the law were after me, and if they found me I should be hanged! Oh! that one dread drove out all others, drove out all thoughts of friends, of home, and of liberty! I thought only of escape from that awful fate. My uncle, in his remorse for what had happened, and, perhaps, to save the stain from his own name, came to take me away—to save me—to carry me beyond the reach of apprehension. So—I am here."

Jane Lillon gazed into Rosalind's face with an eager, searching look, but ere she could speak some one knocked upon the door.

"Get into this place," whispered Rosalind, hurriedly, pointing to the lower berth. "I would not have him see you here."

Jane crawled quickly in, and when the curtains had been drawn Rosalind opened the door.

"Eh—Not abed yet?" said Mr. McCarthy.

"No, sir—not yet; but I am going shortly."

"I thought I heard voices in here, as though ye had some one talking wid ye," pursued McCarthy, peering into the room.

"You may have heard some one in an adjoining room," suggested Rosalind. "I have heard it several times." She was startled, but the presence of a friend, though perhaps a helpless one, gave her strength of purpose.

"But are ye sure I didn't hear 'em in here, honey? Spose I just take a peep?"

"Back, sir! Do not take advantage of my uncle's absence!"

"Not so loud, Rosa," whispered the man, with one foot over the threshold. "I don't mane any advantage. I only want to see that ye're safe while yer uncle's off. That's all, I assure ye."

"Then take my assurance for it, if you'll save me from yourself," said Rosalind, standing before the entrance to oppose his progress.

"But I must look. I'm sure I heard 'em."

"One step, sir, and I'll raise a cry that shall bring the people about us in alarm!" exclaimed the resolute girl. "Leave here!—Leave this moment, or I'll—"

"Easy—"

"If you'll go, all shall be well. What are you, that you should dare to come here at this time?"

And thus speaking Rosalind shut the door in his face, and turned the key.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TIE GROWS STRONGER.

Jane Lillon lay still and quiet in the berth for some time after the door had been closed; but finally she looked out, and ventured to whisper—

"Do you think he is listening yet?"

"I don't know," returned Rosalind, in the same low breath.

"I want to ask you some questions, Rosa; and perhaps we had better wait."

"We'll wait a little while."

"And," pursued Jane, "suppose we both lie down and sleep. I should be sure to wake up long before the boat gets in."

"I will lie down and rest," said Rosalind, "for I am tired and faint."

"Then wait a moment. You shall have this place."

Rosalind would have prevented her friend's movement, but Jane got out, and crept into the upper berth without heeding her remonstrance; and without further remark she took the place the other had left. But it was a long time before she could sleep. First she was busy with thoughts of the hard fate of her companion in misery—then with the old thoughts of her own fate—then with struggles about the future; and when she finally closed her eyes and tried to sleep, the strange mo-

tion of the boat—the jar and quiver of the machinery—and the puffing of the eager steam, served to keep her wakeful and nervous. But at length her senses gave way to the drowsy presence, and she sank into an uneasy, fitful slumber. Strange dreams came to haunt her—dreams in which she sometimes found herself in Jane Lillon's place, with McCarthy gloating over her downfall. Once she dreamed that she was upon the old hillside picking flowers, which grew thickly and luxuriantly up and down the hedge. It was early morning, and the dew hung in pearly drops upon the leaves. She had pushed her way through to the wall, and was upon the point of climbing over where the flowers were larger and more beautiful, when she saw a large adder lying in a lazy coil upon one of the stones. The serpent raised its head as she approached, and unable to move, she stood, spell-bound. The monster raised its head higher up, and while it swayed to and fro, its form began to change, and soon it assumed a human shape, and it wore the face of Patrick McCarthy. Then that face changed to one so terrible, so ugly, so devilish in its horrible contortions, that the spell was broken, and with a quick cry the dreamer started up. She gazed around with a frightened look, and saw some one sitting by her side in the dim lamp-light.

"Where am I?" she asked, in quick, startled tones.

"Do you not know?" returned a kind voice.

"Yes," said Rosalind, after thinking a moment. "You are Jane Lillon. Oh! I have had such a terrible dream!—But have you not slept?"

"Yes—I slept some time. It is almost morning now. Do you feel rested any?"

"Have I slept so long?"

"You must have slept some. But get up and bathe your face and brow, and you will feel better. We must talk some before we part, and we have not much time."

Rosalind arose, and having performed her ablutions, and smoothed down her hair, she took a seat by the side of her companion.

"I have been thinking a great deal of what you have told me," said Jane, "and it puzzles me. I want to ask you a few questions; and first, I want to ask why your uncle took you away from your country home? What motive could he have had in doing so?"

Rosalind hesitated—not as though she objected to answering, but as though she were thinking what to say.

"You do not fear?"

"No, no," quickly interposed our heroine.

"You must have thought much upon the subject, and of course have come to some conclusion. You may think me wild—you may think me foolish—but who knows what assistance I may yet be able to render you. I listened to your story very attentively, and I have been pondering upon it. Now what do you think could have been your uncle's motive?"

"I have thought of many things," replied Rosalind. "I feel sure that he had some selfish motive, for he could have had none of revenge; and the one idea which has taken precedence of all others is, that my parents are both dead, and that they may have left some property for me in my uncle's care; and if he could get me out of the way he could have it all for himself."

"Just so I have thought. But have you asked him anything about it?"

"I have had no chance. From the time he left me at the pawnbroker's I saw nothing of him until he came for me to take this trip; and since he has seemed so anxious for me, and I have been so overwhelmed with terror, that I have had no heart to say anything about it, only to ask him how he could have been so cruel."

"You say you were carried back to the pawnbroker's on the very next morning after your flight?" pursued Jane, in a sort of legal way.

"Yes."

"And it was near eleven o'clock when you left the man upon the floor?"

"Yes."

"And the pawnbroker had been to two other places on that morning in search of you before he came where you were?"

"Yes."

"And yet he had found the dead body; held a conversation with his mistress; and called in the officers, before he went out to find you?"

"Yes."

"What time was it when you reached his house?"

"It could not have been more than—certainly not later than six."

"And he was at the watch-house where you were some time?"

"I suppose so."

"Did any of your friends know where you were before your uncle came to take you away?"

"Take me from where?"

"I mean, had any of the farmer's folks discovered the place of your imprisonment?"

"O—yes. On the very night before I came away Albert Varrondale came for me. He had found out where I was, and he came to take me home."

"And you would not go with him?"

"Oh! I dared not. The officers were after me—two of them had been at the house on that very day. Oh! my soul! what an ordeal was that! I could not go with him; and I dared not tell him why. He clung to me—he implored me—he wept before me—but I dared not go—and I could not tell him I had done a murder! And he left me fainting. I think he meant to come back again."

"Foolish girl!" cried Jane, with a fierce sparkle of her large eyes, "how could you feel that you had done a murder, even supposing that wretch had died from your blow? Was it not an act of pure and righteous self-defence?"

"Ah—but they would have said in court that I was his wife—and that I killed him because I would not live with him—and that when I had killed him I fled. And then—they—they would have hanged me!"

"The pawnbroker explained all this to you?"

"Yes."

"And on the next morning your uncle came—on the next morning after Albert's visit?"

"Yes."

"And he said the officers were after you?"

"Yes—and he would save me. He seemed very anxious and kind, and said he was sorry for all he had done."

Jane leaned back, and gazed into Rosalind's face. Her gaze was fixed and thoughtful, and her lips moved without speech. At length Rosalind became unable to endure the gaze longer, and asked her what she meant.

"Nothing now," was the reply, in a sort of vacant tone. "I have asked these questions," she added, more directly, "because I wanted to know all about it. It was in pure friendship; and, as assured, your secret is safe with me. I may see you again. I may see you when you will need the help I can render, as I have needed the help which you have so generously and kindly rendered to me."

This seemed to bring Rosalind back to a previous thought, and after gazing a while upon her companion with a deep, serious earnestness, she said:

"You are going to New York?"

"Yes."

"Have you friends there?"

"No—or, I may have."

"Then where are you going?"

"Don't ask me, Rosa."

"But I have reason for asking you."

"And yet I cannot answer you."

"Yes, yes, Jane," urged Rosalind, taking her hand in an earnest manner; "you will answer me. Now tell me—tell me if you love me, if you can trust me—where you are going. What do you mean to do when you get to the great city? What had you thought of doing when you turned your face thither with no money and no friends? Tell me."

There was an eager kindness, an earnest sympathy, and an unmistakable outpouring of true affection in the speaker's manner which was not to be resisted; and Jane bent forward and leaned her brow upon Rosalind's bosom, and burst into tears.

"Tell me," Rosalind whispered, combing back the long black tresses from the pale, tear-wet cheeks.

"Oh, my God! I cannot!"

"But you can tell me what you thought of doing—how you meant to live. Jane, I love you very much. Tell me all."

"No, no,—do not ask me," the poor outcast murmured, still sobbing upon the bosom of her friend. "If you love me, do not ask me."

"But it is because of my love that I ask."

"Then," cried Jane, starting up, "if you would, in time to come, hold kindly memory of me, ask me no more."

"Ah," returned Rosalind, with a tearful, prayerful look. "It is because I would be able to hold your memory always pure and grateful in my heart that I ask you these questions. Now tell me all. Come—love me—trust me—tell me."

For a full minute the two girls sat gazing upon each other. Rosalind looked earnest and hopeful, while Jane seemed moved by dark, bitter thoughts. At length the latter spoke. Her voice was low and startling, and the cloud upon her brow deepened.

"Rosalind Hubert, you know not what it is to have a heart crushed as mine has been—crushed, and then all seared, and hardened, and turned to steel. I could bear up under affliction. I could find consolation in deepest grief. But when the iron has entered the soul—when the torment has changed to bitterness—when the taint that is on you makes you almost hate yourself—when the world seems, and the friends of youth grow cold and distant—when you are but a poor wretched thing, then—the night is dark indeed! I am reckless now. My heart is either ice, or it must be fire! There is but one goal ahead—the GRAVE! How I reach it I care not! Now say no more."

"But I will say more," cried Rosalind, again seizing Jane's hands in spite of herself. "I will say more—I must say it. You shall not feel so. You have no reason to feel so. You have no shame upon you that should bow you down thus—"

"Oh!" groaned the sufferer, bitterly, "you know not what you say. Shame! What is SHAME?"

"It is that ignominy which attaches to one who has done a sinful deed with a perverse and willful heart," promptly returned Rosalind. "The world cannot make it, nor can the world take it away. It dwells in the soul, away from all eyes but those of God and the guilty one, save when it shows itself in wicked acts. Look to your heart, Jane—O, look to your heart—and tell me if the thought of sin had presence there when the evil hour came. Did you mean wrong—did you think of wrong?"

"No—certainly not," sobbed Jane.

"Then think of no wrong now. You have a brother."

"Ah—but I know not where he is; and if I did I would not go to him. I would not cast upon him my—"

"Hush! You shall not say that word again. Would your brother, too, cast you off? I do not believe it. You say he was your only brother—and you his only sister. Oh—go to him!"

"No, no," I cannot. Not for all the world would I again bear the scoffs of one of those who hold him in contempt!"

"But if he be a true brother—if he be such a brother as I should believe the son of your father must be—"

"Hark!" cried Jane, starting up. "The servants are calling the passengers from their sleep. I must remain here no longer. Remember your own safety."

"But," quickly replied Rosalind, arising from her chair, and drawing her purse from her pocket, "you shall listen to me one moment."

"I will take no more money," said Jane, resolutely.

"But you shall take it. Oh! for my sake—for your own sake—for the sake of a brother who may still hold your memory in the holiest recess of his manly heart—I bid you take it. Take it, and find some friend in the city who is true and honorable. Do no wrong!—do no wrong! Oh! let not the fire-mark be set upon your brow! Take it, and it may support you until you can find some honorable employment. Take it—and see me again as soon as you can. We may meet in the city."

"The passengers are up," whispered Jane, "and I must be gone. That man will be here soon."

"But you will try to find me if I am in the city," urged Rosalind, clasping her friend by the hand, and leaving a little wad of bank notes behind when she drew her own away.

"I will! God bless you! Don't—in mercy, don't speak again!"

Jane Lillon unlocked the door and passed out. She placed the notes in her bosom, and when she had found a shielded nook, where no gaze could rest upon her, she sank down and wept and prayed!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DREAM IS REALIZED.

Rosalind had not thought of looking from her window to see the great city. She sat in her chair, just where Jane had left her, until McCarthy came to her door and knocked. She arose and let him in, and asked him if her uncle had come.

"Put up that hair first, Miss Rosa," the man said, pointing to her flowing tresses. "What's that down for?"

"It's down because I felt easier with it so," returned the girl. But as she spoke she turned to the mirror and put it up, and pinned it in its place.

"There—now ye look better, Miss Rosa; and as soon as ye git fixed up we'll go ashore. We're all fast to the wharf, an' I've got yer trunk aboard a coach; so all we've got to do is to git out o' this as soon as possible."

"Has my uncle come?" Rosalind again asked.

"No—of course not. I told ye he'd mate us at the hotel—at the Bowery."

"But if he knows where the boat comes in—"

"He don't know."

"He can easily find out, sir. If he don't find us

at the hotel he'll certainly come here. I'd rather wait here."

"What d'ye want to be such a fool for? Haven't I told ye once that he said I must take ye there?"

And still Rosalind did not wish to leave the boat with that man. She felt safer where she was. She feared him more than she feared her uncle; and the thought of going into the unknown wilderness of the great city all alone with him struck a strange dread to her soul. She gazed up into his face, and found him looking at her with a gloating expression upon his coarse features. It might have been only the natural result of his impatience; at least, she hoped it was.

"Couldn't you go up to the hotel and get him to come for me?" she ventured to ask.

"And let you stay here?"

"Yes."

"Why—I guess ye don't know the regulations o' these boats. All the passengers have been ordered off long ago, every blessed one o' 'em. The black servants have got to make up all the beds in these state-rooms, and the rest o' the hands have got to clear out the boat generally. Now come along."

"But, sir—if I—"

"The devil!" cried McCarthy, impatiently. "If ye mane to sthaye here, just say so, an' have done wid it.

then she sank back almost exhausted. She saw the bed, and felt a strange impulse to throw herself upon it; she felt as though she could sleep soundly, and forget her pain. But she resolved to bear up until her uncle came.

Ere long she was aroused from a sort of a dreamy torpor by the sound of a heavy footfall, and as she came fully to her senses, the door of her room was opened. But it was not her uncle who entered. It was McCarthy, and he came in alone, and closed the door after him.

"Has my uncle come?" Rosalind asked.

"No—he hasn't," was the response. And the man took a seat by the door.

"Have you heard from him?"

"Yes—I have."

"Where is he? When will he come?"

"Where he is I can't say. When he will come—never!"

Rosalind started up from her chair, and sank back again. She cast a look of terror upon the man before her, but she could not believe what he had said.

"Do not deceive me," she urged, with a prayerful look. "When will my uncle come?"

"I tell ye he won't never come!"

"Oh! yes, he will. He will come for me—he will come to see me—to keep me—to save me!"

"No. He's left me to do that."

"But you have not seen the boat. It may not have arrived."

"Yes, it has arrived. But it would make no odds if it hadn't. Your uncle hasn't been aboard of it."

"Speak on! What do you mean?"

"Why—Thomas Gondam has gone back to Boston! He started away from Troy as soon as we left. He gave you into my charge there, and made me look to you. And now I'm going to take care of you myself."

Rosalind gasped for breath. A terror—as in her dark dream—came upon her.

"You—you—take care of me?" she cried.

"Yes, Miss Rosa," returned the man, bending a demoniac look upon her. "And I'll do it well, too!"

"You shall not! I will leave the house."

"And where'll ye go?"

"I know not—I care not!"

"Ye wouldn't go far, I take it?"

"Leave me, sir!" Rosalind cried, all excitement.

"Not yet, me darlin'."

"Leave this room! Leave it at once, sir, or I'll call for help! I don't believe you! My uncle will come!"

"Then perhaps you'll wait till you see him," returned the man, with dogged, ugly composure.

"No—I shall not wait till I see him!" the girl cried, starting to her feet. She was moved by a frenzy now, and for the while her pain was all forgotten.

"I shall not wait!" she repeated, moving towards the door that led to the other room. "I will leave this place unless you leave it!"

She went into the apartment beyond, and tried the door which seemed to open thence into the hall, but she found it locked. She returned, and looked her tormentor wildly in the face.

"Let me pass, sir, or I'll arouse the house!"

"Rouse away, sweet one. You won't find many people to answer your call."

Rosalind sank down into her chair again, and the wild look had changed into a vacant, fearful stare.

"This is not a hotel!" she gasped. "This is a place of your own seeking. You would hide me away from my uncle! Oh! wretch! I'll find him!"

"Find whom?"

"My uncle."

"Poor fool! Don't you know Thomas Gondam yet? Haven't you seen enough of him to read him? When he took you away from the hillside farm, and carried you to the pawnbroker's, and tried to make you believe that man was your father, couldn't you read him then? And when he left you there, and came near you no more till he knew your friends were on your track, couldn't you read him then?"

Rosalind gazed upon the speaker with eyes that seemed ready to burst. His brogue was gone—his speech was changed—his eye burned differently—and his bearing was terribly familiar.

"And has he deserted me?" burst from her pale lips, in a thrilling whisper. "Will he come to me no more?"

"Will he come? Of course he won't. Why should he? He is no friend of yours. You have but one friend in the world who has the power and the right to protect you. You will not need your uncle's assistance now."

Still Rosalind gazed with that same strange look into the face of the tormentor. She did not speak now—she only thought of her fearful dream—of the flowers—the pearly dew—the wall—the altar—and of the ugly shape which the serpent's head had assumed.

"It isn't likely you'd ever want to go back to the pawnbroker's again," said the man, with a twist of the shoulders.

The poor girl's thought ran back to the place thus brought to mind, and she remembered in an instant all she had suffered there. But she did not remove her gaze from the face before her.

"You wouldn't go back there if you could. You know they were no friends to you. No—you've come here—you've been brought here—and here you'll stay till we see fit to move."

"We?" came from Rosalind's lips, in the same bursting whisper as before.

"Yes. You and I."

"And?" pursued the girl, bending slightly forward, while her gaze grew more painfully intense, "who are you?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the man, "it's as good as a play. Why—what a precious dupe you've been. Did you think it was all real? Did you think they were telling you the truth? Look! I am your husband!"

He pulled off the wig—he tore away the false whiskers—and then started up.

"Did you think you had really killed me, dear one? See! Ha, ha, ha—I say, it's as good as a play! No, no, Rosa. Ludder and I cooked that up finely. You hadn't been gone long when I came to my senses, and picked myself up. I went down and found Ludder, and we went out together in search of you, but you had gone too far. Then we planned this little ruse, and it has worked capitally—it has worked capitally for me, and capitally for your uncle, for he don't want ever to see you again; and just let me advise you never to show yourself anywhere near him again, for he'll be right now. I've got you, my sweet little wife, and I'll keep you; and if you'll behave yourself, and do as a faithful wife ought to do, I'll forgive you this little love-token you gave me here."

And he raised the hair from his left temple, where an ugly-looking scar was still visible.

Thus far Rosalind had sat, with the same fixed gaze, immovable. Her face had grown a shade more deathly, and her eyes more glassy. Suddenly the current of life reacted—her brow, her

cheeks, her neck, were flushed—and she sprang to her feet.

"Oh, God! I have done no murder!"

These words burst wildly from her, and she fell to the floor without sense or motion, and her thin face was as pale and deathly as ever.

Gabriel Barber hastened forward and knelt by her side, and he found her cold and lifeless. He muttered and cursed to himself as he lifted her to the bed, and then he hastened from the room.

Presently a stout, coarse-looking woman, with an evil eye and an evil face, came in, and commenced to bathe and rub the girl's brow, and neck, and breast.

And ere long afterwards Gabriel returned, and with him came a doctor—a lean, shriveled, parchment-skinned man, who looked as though he might have come from some old tomb.

"Remember," said Gabriel, "this is all private!"

"Everything's private here, interposed the woman, in a gruff, masculine voice.

"I understand," said the doctor, nodding to each in turn, and then he went to the bedside.

Rosalind had been brought back to life, but not to consciousness. Her mental powers had suffered too great a stretch for that. Her face was now like fire, and her eye was wild and glaring.

"High fever," said the doctor, sententially, as he felt the pulse. "Extraordinary fever. Must have had great exposure—severe shock of system—very severe. Mind out, too—mental trouble, perhaps—fear—torment. I understand. Bleed first—reduce fever. Then opiate—cause sleep. Severe case, but I can manage. Mrs. Lurkin—a bowl, with napkins and bandages. You are not afraid to see blood, sir?"

"No," said Gabriel.

"Then you may stay and hold her arm. High fever—circulation rapid—blood will flow beautifully."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW PLAN, AND A NEW TOOL.

Dispirited, sad, and worried, Albert Varrondale and the old sailor returned to the farm-house upon the hillside. It was dusk when they entered the yard, and they had been gone eight days—eight days of trouble, anxiety, hope, disappointment, and final despair. Mr. King and Simon Peter came out, but not a word was spoken upon the subject which was uppermost in the thoughts of all, until the horse had been put away, and they had entered the house. Albert dared not look into the faces of the family, but took a seat by the table, and waited for his companion to speak. Betsy was the first to break the silence.

"You haven't found her?" she said, with the bursting forth of pent-up emotion.

"No," returned John Peters, sadly. "We have failed—failed!"

"Oh! she is dead! They've killed her!" the girl cried, wringing her hands.

"No," quickly retorted Albert, starting up. "No, Betsy—they have not done that. They dare not do it. She is hidden away somewhere, and we will find her yet. We have failed now, but it shall not be always so. I will not rest until I find her, or—know her fate."

"They haint murdered her—condemn their cussed old pictures!" interposed Simon Peter. "You may be sure of that, now. They haint got the poor thing under the sod yet—Cuss that snake!"

"I think there's no doubt but that she lives," added the sailor.

"But did you gain any intelligence? Did you find any clue?" asked Mr. King.

"I think so," replied Peters. "In fact, I'm sure we did. But I will tell you. You received the note Albert sent you from Boston?"

"Yes."

"Then you remember that we got upon the track of the coach in which Rosalind was taken away. I have no doubt upon that point, at all. On the second day, towards the middle of the forenoon, we saw them ahead. They must have suspected that they were pursued, for their horses were whipped up, and before noon we lost them. There were many cross-roads and by-ways, and though we made inquiries upon nearly all of them we could not hear of them. On the second day from that we learned from an old farmer that a man had stopped at his house for a drink of water, on the evening before, answering exactly to the description I gave of Thomas Gondam. But he was in a single wagon, and had only a boy with him. We went as far as Springfield, and then started back. It seemed useless to cruise about without chart or compass, and with not even a star shining for a guide, so we resolved to return and have one more interview with Thomas Gondam."

"What ken ye do with him?" asked Simon Peter. "He ken lie faster 'n a hen ken pick up corn—cuss his ugly picture!"

"I think I have a hold upon him," said the sailor, with a nod of the head.

"It's a pity ye couldn't hang the dratted snake!"

John Peters looked into Simon's face with a curious expression, but made no reply. And after this the conversation became general. All sorts of ideas were expressed, and all sorts of suggestions were advanced, with occasional reports from the overcharged indignation of Simon Peter. At nine o'clock Albert arose to take his leave.

"You will go in and see Mr. Gondam in the morning," he said, turning to the old sailor.

"Yes," the latter replied. "I shall go in and see if he has returned; and if he has you may be sure I shall see him."

"Had I better go with you?"

"No—no; there is no need of that. I can do as well alone."

So the young man bade them all good-night and went away.

"I pity poor Albert, from the bottom of my heart," said Lucy King, after the youth had gone. "I declare, he couldn't hardly speak."

"He suffered more than you know," returned John Peters. "I suffer enough; but when I have heard him groan in his keen, bitter anguish, I have almost forgotten my own sorrows."

"You mean sorrows because of Rosalind?" suggested Mrs. King, with an interested, inquisitive look.

"Ma'am?" said the old man, as though he had not understood.

"I say," resumed the good lady, "you sorrow because Rosalind is gone?"

"Ah," replied Peters, with a mournful shake of the head, "I could not tell you all my sorrows. I have not known the girl as you have. I sorrow, of course, because of her fate; but there are other things that come to cloud my joy—things of which I could not tell if I would."

"Still," pursued the hostess, not willing to be thus baffled, "I know you feel a deep interest in her welfare."

"Of course I do, ma'am."

"And you were very much affected by her misfortune?"

"Certainly, ma'am; as I am always affected by anything that gives joy or sorrow to those I have loved. But," the old man added, arising from his seat, "I have had a hard jaunt, and you must excuse me if I leave you, and seek my bed."

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. King, starting up and lighting a candle for him. "You know your room, sir?"

"If it's the same one I had before."

"I declare," cried the good woman, taking her seat with an emphasis, "I should like to know who that man is."

"Why didn't you ask him?" suggested her husband, with a curious look.

"Didn't I ask him all I dared to?"

"I thought you did," was the quiet reply.

"There! You needn't not so, Aaron. You know you are as curious about it as I am, for I've heard you say so."

"Poo! Nonsense!"

"There, now! Didn't I say 'twas just so? I know how your case stands when you come down to those two words. None knows better than I do your disposition, Mr. King."

"I grant your perception is strong," returned the husband, with a smile. "But," he added, with some feeling, "I would give more to know where poor Rosalind is than to know Mr. Peters's whole history and genealogy."

"So would I," cried the wife, earnestly.

"Condemn his infernal picture!" exploded Simon Peter, arising from his chair, and going off to bed.

This served as a signal for the rest, and the kitchen was soon left solitary.

John Peters had thought of going into the city alone, but when he came to reflect in the morning he thought differently. Perhaps he feared that Gondam might be desperate enough to wish to destroy him; and perhaps he only wanted a witness. At all events, as soon as he came down he went out to the barn, where Simon was at work fixing a yoke.

"Simon," he said, "are you busy to-day?"

"No, sir. Nothin' particular, as I knows on. The old man ain't a-goin' to cut the medder till next week; so I've only to chore 'round jest naow."

"I've thought I'd like to have you go into the city with me."

"Wal—I guess I ken dew that fast enough; an' I guess yew'd better have somebody along with ye, tew. Here comes the old man."

"Ah, yes. Mr. King, can you spare Simon to-day?"

"Just as well as not," replied the farmer.

"Then I'd like to have him go with me."

"He can go just as well as not, Mr. Peters."

"Thank you. Then it's all settled. So you may get ready, Simon."

The man was soon dressed in his best, go-to-meeting suit; and as soon as breakfast was done he harnessed the horse.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

EMIGRANT BALLAD.

BY ALICE CARY.

And why are you pale, my Nora?
And why do you sigh and fret?

The black ewe had twin lambs to-day
And we shall be rich folk yet.

Do you mind the clover ridge, Nora,
That slopes to the crooked stream?

The brown cow pastured there this week,
And her milk is sweet as cream.

The old gray mare that fell last year
As thin as any ghost,

Is getting a new white coat, and looks
As young as her colt, almost.

If the corn land should do well,
And so, please God, it may,

I'll buy the white-faced bull a bell
To make the meadows gay.

I know we are growing rich, Johnny,
And that is why I fret,

For my little brother Phil is down
In the dismal coal-pit yet.

And when the sunshine sets in the corn,
The tassels green and gay,

It will not touch my father's eyes
That are going blind, they say.

But I'm not sad for him,
Nor yet for little Phil.

Why, darling Molly's hand, last year,
Was cut off in the mill.

And so, nor mare nor brown milch cow,
Nor lambs can joy impart.

For the blind old man and the mill and mine
Are all upon my heart.

THE TOMB IN THE HEART.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"So, Anabel, I have told you all. Now will you be my wife?"

The question was not unexpected. I believe I had loved him all my life, for, at any rate, my memory extends not back to the time when he was not my favorite playfellow and best friend. Later, when I had commenced taking imaginary views of the future, no picture was complete in which he did not make one of the principal figures. I was sure he loved me, though that love had never been syllabled, and foresaw no result of our mutual attachment save a union that should perpetuate it through all our lives.

Yet it was with a start, and a tremor, and a sudden foreboding of evil too vague to bear a name, that I listened to this question. The answer—there could be but one—trembled on lips that refused to utter it. I traced, with eye and foot, an intricate pattern in the carpet, and remained silent.

All this time Archer Clay sat holding my hand in his, and I felt that his gaze was on my face—that he was waiting, perhaps with no great anxiety, but yet attentively, for my answer. But I remained silent, and he spoke again:

"Have you no answer for me, Anabel?"

This time I looked at him—a scrutinizing gaze, that seemed to read his very soul. Reflected from his eyes I saw nothing but the calm, earnest affection which I had been accustomed to read there, tinged now with a sort of wonder at my strange conduct. I was not unsatisfied, neither was I quite satisfied. For the first time a doubt intruded itself upon me whether, after all, this life-long affection were the true marriage-bond which should, through the long hereafter, make us twain one. But habit was stronger than the doubt, and the answer that presently fell from my lips made me the betrothed of Archer Clay.

We were not to be married at once—that was settled. Archer was even now on the eve of his departure for Europe, where, after a term of study at one of the famous German universities, he was to spend some months, it might even be years, in traveling. If he remained in Europe after the close of his student life, for a lengthened period, our family would join him there, and thus our separation would be abbreviated, and he whispered that our marriage might as well take place there as at home.

Archer went away; but so frequently and regularly were we in receipt of his letters, that the separation did not affect me as painfully as I had feared. His letters to me were transcripts of his life, and I seemed living with him, in constant in-

tercourse with his soul, as truly as when he—my father's ward—was an inmate of my father's house.

So passed away three years. I was seventeen when Archer left us. I was twenty when we—my father, my mother, and myself—sailed for Europe to join him in a tour of the continent and the East, to be finished by one season, at least, in England and the British Islands.

We met, after three years separation, as betrothed lovers, yet with something of the calm affection which had characterized the fraternal relation of our youth; an affection calm, trustful, sufficient for us then.

For months we were constantly together. Archer sometimes spoke of the marriage which had once been proposed; but we were constantly on the wing, and no definite arrangements for the event could be made. It was not until the completion of our Eastern tour, and when we arrived in England, and settled comfortably in handsome London lodgings for the winter, that the subject was mentioned with urgency. Archer brought forward his claims—our long engagement, and his patient waiting, to my parents. To me he spoke of the love long as our lives, whose coming years must mingle in the happy routine of domestic existence.

These words woke the quick, glad responses of my heart. Archer was my husband, my fate, my destiny. Life with him were joy, without him desolation. I was quiet and serene, with no impatience of the slow preparations, but cherishing an unspoken wonder at my deep, silent happiness.

The days rolled away. The last, as I believed, of my maiden life came and passed away. Archer was with me until a late hour, and then went away, bidding me good-night in joyous tones—our last good-night, for henceforth we were to be parted no more. I retired to my room, and instead of resting at dawn first to think, then to read. An hour passed away. There was a sudden tumult in the house, bells rang—there was a hurried tread of feet along the passages—a startling knock at my door, and the voice of my mother's maid, full of terror, summoned me to her room.

Suddenly and mysteriously stricken down by some fearful illness, this beloved parent lay, struggling and gasping in the power of the destroyer. All the night a trembling group watched beside her; and all the efforts of medical skill, and every kindly ministrations failed to bring relief. The morning dawned, but not upon my wedding-day. The house of feasting was changed into a house of mourning. Ere nightfall only a cold, still, shrouded form lay, rigid and motionless, in the darkened room where the death-scene had replaced the festivities of the bridal.

Of course, the marriage was no more spoken of. With that fearful shadow resting, like a pall, upon our hearts and home, there could be no talk of marriage. All the pretty bridal dresses were put out of sight, and the weeds of mourning usurped their place. We gave up all thoughts of extending our tour. My father was animated only with a restless desire to return to the home where she had lived, and which, though he knew, he could not realize to be desolate. No one opposed his wishes, and scarcely a month after my mother's death we commenced our homeward voyage.

Archer accompanied us. His plans had changed with our own. He had loved my mother, and mourned her like a son. He too, longed to revisit the old home from which he had been so long absent.

We were at home again. Home it was truly—house, grounds, furniture, pictures, ornaments—all as we had seen it as she had lived in it; but the mother, the wife had departed. Her footsteps were heard no more in the wide passages, her voice made music no longer in the pleasant rooms, and the sunlight of her smile no more gladdened our hearts. None but they who have suffered can know the desolation of spirits that followed the return to our home which, in the lands beyond the sea, we had pictured as so joyous.

My sister Susan had returned from school, and was at home to meet us on our return. We had left her a slender school-girl, angular, sorrowful, and awkward. A blooming maiden, graceful and gracious, whose small, rounded figure displayed the curving lines of beauty, greeted our return. The bright dress she wore contrasted admirably with the exquisite fairness of her complexion, and heightened the beauty of her faultless features. Roses bloomed in the cheek that was shaded by the floating curls of her auburn hair. Her eyes were bright with pleasure, smiles parted her rosy lips, and displayed the small, pearly teeth within, as she came flying down the steps to greet us, as we descended from the carriage.

I could hardly believe that this radiant creature was my little sister, whom I had watched and caressed since her infancy, but whom I had often acknowledged, with great dissatisfaction, to be almost ugly. But the joy of our meeting was damped by the absence of her whose remains we had left in a foreign land, and during that first evening we had little thought for other changes.

That night Susan and I talked long together in the room which we once more shared. We had much to tell, of travel and its incidents, and of the interrupted bridal festivities, and the pall that had fallen on our joys when the face so loved had beamed its last upon us. She of school life and triumphs, and little home details, all interesting to the returned wanderer.

At last we were silent. Susan laid her sweet, rosy face upon the pillow, and fell asleep, while I read my accustomed lesson from the Scriptures, and then fell into a long, deep trance of painful musing. The distant striking of the village clock at length aroused me. As it slowly told the midnight hour, I arose, and laying aside my book, stood before the mirror to arrange my unbound hair.

There, beside my own face, pale, bagged from deep feeling and fatigue, and already, I thought, looking old from the influences of thought and sorrow, I saw the reflection of the fresh, young, beautiful features that half nestled in the snowy pillows of the bed. A sudden delight in my sister's loveliness thrilled me; then, as I contrasted it with my own worn appearance, with the face from which, in that hour, youth and freshness seemed to have departed, a pang of jealousy, as sudden as my thrill of delight, pervaded my soul.

"She is very beautiful," I murmured; "the sorrow that has made me old before my time has touched her lightly; it has not dimmed, even in one iota, the radiance of her young beauty. He, too, will see that she is beautiful; he loves beauty; he will love her, and I shall be desolate."

Was this a prophecy of the future? An intimation from some invisible source of the coming evil? I know not. I only know that I impatiently dismissed the thought I felt to be unworthy, and presently laid down by my sister's side, drawing her close in an embrace as loving as that which had protected her childhood.

We missed the sweet household presence of our mother; missed her counsel and her long-tried love. Nevertheless, time chastened our sorrow, and we fell into our new routine of life, and soon

presented, to the eyes of those who saw only external, the aspect of a quiet, tranquilly happy home-circle. I was mistress now, and had many cares and absorbing duties. Sometimes Archer was with us, but oftener he was in the city, which he proposed making his future residence, and where he had already entered upon the pursuit of the profession he had chosen. When with us, he was left almost entirely to the companionship of Susan, and it must be owned that it was not without some pangs that I beheld his evident admiration of her, and marked how well this splendid pair, each matchless in the perfection of physical beauty, appeared together.

So the year of mourning slowly wore away. I busied myself in my new cares, smiling sometimes when I thought what an excellent preparation this life was for the duties of my future household, my own and Archer's. We had already decided to live in the city; and I was doing all that was possible to train the giddy Susan to fill my place when I should be gone.

SONG FOR APRIL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hail! second born of Spring—
Full of fair hopes and gracious ministries,
Germ-quickener, and bud-opener, setting free
The slavers of streams,
Bidding each ice-bound brooklet sing
Of joyous liberty,
Making the tiniest seed expand and swell!
Even 'mid its cradle-dreams,
April! I love thee well,
And fain would kiss away
The tear of gathering in thine eye of blue:
But lo! with changeful ray,
The smile is on thy lip, and the bright sun breaks through.

Meek Daisy of the wild!
God hath remembered thee,
And like some clear-brow'd child
That makes the cottage glad,
Thou comest forth, with trustful eye,
'Neath this uncertain sky:
Be not afraid, or sad,
He shall thy helper be.

Oh! brown and creeping moss—
He who lights up the sun,
And the thick stars doth marshal, one by one,
Upon their cars of flame—
He hath pronounced thy name;
Man's haughty glance may scorn thy noteless vest,
But He—the Lord of all—doth love the lowly best.

Bright maple, fresh with vernal showers,
There are—that give us flowers
Mov'd by the summer sun:
There are—that shed their fruits in autumn-hours,
And all their painless work is done;
But thou, for man dost open thy veins,
Pouring the life-blood that thy heart sustains,
And still, as if ordain'd to be
The blessed symbol of true charity,
Thou maketh glad and strong, art first to throw
Thy scarlet mantle on, the Spring to greet;
And last and bravest art to meet
The frost-king, bursting from his coil,
In tyranny to tell
Garden and grove their time of hope is o'er,
And the rich harvest of the year returneth never more.

Pale willow, drooping low
In gentle sympathy—
Thy flexible branches wave
Like broken harp-strings o'er the grave
Where our lost treasures lie.
Thanks for thy kindness in our time of woe;
Early thou comest, and dost linger late,
Thinking that, in our low estate,
We might have need of thee:
Yes, we have need of thee,
Pale tree of sympathy.

Oh! all ye works of God—
Whether of lowliest leaf and stem,
Fruitful robe, or princely diadem,
Mosses, and nameless plants that prank the sod—
Praise him in silent song, that angels hear,
Who, hovering round this earthly sphere,
Their censures from your blended incense fill—
All green and living things,
On every breezy hill,
Mountains, and lofty pines, and leafy plains,
Strike to the winds your trembling strings
In deep and solemn strains.

Let the frail grass-flowers bring
Their tribute to the Saviour's name—
Who loveth them even as the cedar tall;
To unshorn forests, wrapped in solemn shade,
Uplift the song of praise—all that His hand hath made.
Hartford, Conn., April, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANDREW SILEX TELLS MIKE'S LAST CARD.

Although Mike had no good or valid reason to believe that the danger he had run of being poisoned had occurred otherwise than by accident, still he could not rid himself of a vague suspicion that design had something to do with it. He knew that his presence at the farm must be a perpetual annoyance, not only to his brother, but to the housekeeper, and, after due deliberation, he resolved once more to return to London.

"Who knows," he argued, "but another accident may happen, and not end so pleasantly as the first one did?" This was not the only painful impression on his mind. He had not forgotten the parting warning of his nephew Jack, whom he could not think of without certain misgivings. The boy might live to return to England, and, if he did, his uncle knew him quite well enough to feel assured that no consideration would induce the lad to forbear bringing him to justice, and, worse than all, that it was in his power to do so.

"How could all that have been such an idiot?" he frequently demanded of himself whenever his unpleasant thought obtruded upon his mind, "as to talk on such matters with Fiddler Dick? I ought to have known that Jack spoke like a fox—eyes and ears both open."

Then he would wonder whether his old pal would obtain a ticket of leave or not; and if Bet had succeeded in finding Lillian, whom he felt a desire once more to obtain possession of, especially as he had discovered the meaning of his brother when he declared that the child would one day be worth her weight in gold to him.

He had come to the conclusion that she should prove worth as much to him.

To speak the truth, his position at the farm was a most uncomfortable one. Never had he felt so lonely. The servants were all strictly forbidden to associate with him, and the inhabitants of St. Faith's—angry at the trick he had played in passing himself off as a stranger, and pumping them on the subject of the steward and their landlord—avoided him whenever he made his appearance in the place.

The precaution was a very natural one. They had no inclination to compromise themselves by expressing their opinions any further.

At meals Mike eyed everything most suspiciously; invariably declined being assisted to any but the simplest food; not even to that, till he had first seen his brother and the housekeeper partake of it. Frequently he revenged himself for this privation by throwing out hints of how necessary it was to be cautious, for fear of accidents.

Bitterly did Andrew curse himself for the failure of his scheme. And yet chance had more to do with it than his own weakness. To be sure, he might have contrived some excuse for sending the servants from the farm, but neither he nor his confederate had thought of that.

The ex-convict had packed up his things, and made all necessary inquiries respecting the departure of the coach for Tiverton, before he announced his intention of quitting the place to Andrew, who heard it with surprise not unmingled with satisfaction.

"Yes," said his relative, "I had better go. *Mush-room time will soon be here again*; and there's no knowing what might happen, you and your precious housekeeper bein' so particular fond on 'em."

"No fear of that," observed the steward, wincing at the allusion, "Not one shall ever appear on my table again."

"And very right too," exclaimed the former; "especially if the same party gathers 'em."

"How could she make such a dreadful mistake?" said Andrew Silex, wondering. "I shall

never forget it, were I to live to be a hundred years old."

"Nor I," muttered Mike emphatically.

"I have never been the same man since," added his brother. "I am sorry you have made up your mind to leave me. The place was dull enough before you came to it, but it will be a thousand times worse when you are gone."

"Can't help it; but somehow I have taken it into my head that I shouldn't have my health here—and health is everything. We may still continue friends."

"Certainly," exclaimed the steward. "You will take something before you go?"



MIKE'S LAST TRICK IS TRUMPED.

"In my way," continued the ruffian, calmly, for he was resolved not to lose his advantage by getting out of temper. "As I said before, I consented to part with him to oblige you, and I naturally looks for compensation."

"Not a penny, not a farthing!" exclaimed the old man passionately. "I'll not be robbed of my hard-earned savings; not that they are much, for I am poor."

"Very poor," said Mike, with a knowing wink. "Is this your gratitude for my putting five hundred pounds in your way?"

"How much did it put in yours?"

"Not a penny."

The wink was repeated.

"Not a farthing," continued the speaker; "and I will not submit to your extortion. Fool! idiot that I was! I ever to care or think about you."

"You forget that we are twins, Andrew," mildly observed his amiable brother; "and twins should never quarrel. I don't quarrel."

"But you do worse."

"How so?"

"You threaten."

"No—I don't threaten," replied his affectionate relative, mildly; "it's you who threaten me."

"I!" ejaculated Andrew, astonished at the impudence of the assertion.

"You," repeated his brother. "Don't yer threaten to deny me my rights? to force me to go to the nearest magistrate—Mr. Thornton, I think, is the gentleman's name, and a very worthy gentleman, by all accounts, I hear he is—and tell him all I know about Lady Boothroyd and Lillian?"

"You dare not do that—you know that you murdered her," retorted his hearer.

"The *stifate*, Andrew—you forget the *stifate*," answered Mike, composedly. "I won't such a fool; for once I acted on your plan—prudently. I can defy you there."

"No one will believe you," observed the steward. "You are a returned convict."

"That won't disgrace me, I reckon," observed the former.

"And have lived on Jack's robberies for years?"

"You must find Jack to prove that," said his brother. "But why make all this bother," he added, "when you know as well as I that you must come to book at last? I'll be reasonable with you."

"Reasonable?"

"I only ask a hundred a year; you can well afford that."

"Can I?" muttered his relative, pale with rage, for the coolness of the speaker annoyed him, if possible, more even than the thought of parting with his money.

"You had better think of it," continued the speaker. "Of course, if things had been agreeable here, and I had found the place likely to agree with my health, I should never have asked it, and good reason for why—I shouldn't have required it. As it is, I can't do with less. You can charge it in your accounts. A hundred a year, more or less, won't signify to her ladyship, but it makes a vast difference to me."

There was an obvious truth in the reflection which struck Mr. Andrew, whose faculties were, generally speaking, exceedingly obtuse where parting with his money was in question. Lady Boothroyd, he well knew, avaricious though she might be, would rather sacrifice a much larger sum than the affair should be exposed.

"I'll think of it," said the steward.

"That's right; I'll give you five minutes," said Mike, pulling out his watch, and regarding the time.

"I must have longer."

"How much longer?"

"As many days," replied Andrew Silex.

"And do you think," demanded his brother, "after the particular and affectionate nature of our conversation, that I am such a fool as to wait for your answer here? No, no."

"I'll bring it to you," said Andrew.

"Where?"

"To your house in London," replied the avicious wretch. "I must see Lady Boothroyd. It was an evil hour in which I trusted you. If I can procure the money for you, I will, but not from my own means. I would rot in a prison—starve—before I'd consent to be so plundered."

"Starve," repeated Mike, in an ironical tone. "Did you ever try it?"

"No."

"I have, then, and can tell you it ain't by no means pleasant; but I don't intend to starve again, and it's most unnatural of you to wish me to. As

"Not a bite or a sup," ejaculated his brother, hastily.

Andrew noticed the tone, and still more the look that accompanied the words; and his conscience whispered him that he had better not press the offer any further.

"Good-by," he said, offering him his hand, "since you will go."

"It will be time enough to say good-by when we have settled," replied the ex-convict, coolly.

"Settled what?"

"You know."

"How should I—do speak out!"

"You want me to speak out," replied Mike;

"well, I will. Look yer, Andrew, although I says nothink about the pisoning affair, I has my suspitions; but let them rest: you know that to oblige you I consented to part with my nephew Jack."

"What then?"

"The boy was of great use to me."

"As a thief?" exclaimed Andrew Silex, impatiently.

"That's nothink to do with it—he was of use to me. I've known the boy bring in as much as five counter a week; and who had a better right to it than myself? I brought him up from a pup—clothed, fed, and educated him."

"Educated?"

"Well, I will. Look yer, Andrew, although I says nothink about the pisoning affair, I has my suspitions; but let them rest: you know that to oblige you I consented to part with my nephew Jack."

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"The boy was of great use to me."

"As a thief?" exclaimed Andrew Silex, impatiently.

"That's nothink to do with it—he was of use to me. I've known the boy bring in as much as five counter a week; and who had a better right to it than myself? I brought him up from a pup—clothed, fed, and educated him."

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riotous frolic, and untameable love of fun with only so much gravity as enables us to hide a smile, for we feel that these things, if not quite as they ought to be, are pretty nearly so, and have not the heart to quarrel with them for the difference.

Youth is the spring-time of the future, and ought to be unrestrained in all that is not positively vicious. Twist the sapling, and the tree grows gauged.

There is but one thing in our public schools to which we seriously object, and that is the monstrous system of fagging—of leaving the weak to the mercy of the strong—of recognizing brutality as a right. Its advocates—and they are both learned and great ones—urge that it encourages emulation amongst the boys, stimulates them to read hard in order to rise to a superior form, and so escape the humiliation.

To this we reply that, if the system of fagging does produce emulation, it can only be the emulation of the gladiator; nay, worse, for in the arena the combatants are equally armed; but what equality, we would ask, can exist where the advantages of age and strength are on the side of the oppressor, and the victim is bound to submission?

The nineteenth century is considered an age of improvement. In science, art, and the diffusion of education it undoubtedly is so; but poor common sense, in one respect at least, remains stationary as ever. Fagging is still permitted both at Eton and Harrow.

Do not be alarmed, gentle readers. We have no intention of indulging in the reminiscences of our own boyish days. We will not carry you back so far as that; but merely request you to revert to the period of our narrative when William Thornton parted from his little sweetheart, Alice, in Mel-down Park, the morning after the abduction of Lillian.

He had decided on making friends with her cousin, Viscount Ilston, in order to facilitate the chance of their meeting at the Holm, the seat of her uncle, the Earl of Carlington.

Like most only sons, his little lordship had been indulged till he had become intensely selfish, which, added to a feeble constitution and timid nature, rendered him ill-suited to make his way in a public school, where pluck is more respected than birth, and pretension treated with unsparring ridicule.

Most boys have a keen perception of character, especially in those of their own age; and, even when unfavorable, the judgment they form is generally a correct one; no wonder, therefore, that the Viscount was anything but popular at Eton, where he had not been sent more than two months before the Countess insisted on her husband's removing him. The angry mother could not comprehend the necessity of her son—the heir of an illustrious name, and heaven knows how many thousands a year—submitting to be fagged and treated with equality by coarse plebeian lads, children of nobodies, *parvenus*, destined to work their way up the ladder of life, merely because they happened to know a little more Latin and Greek, and stood in a higher form.

Her ladyship pronounced it both shocking and revolutionary, and if not absolutely immoral, at least, highly improper.

To her surprise and vexation, the Earl only laughed at her request. He had been educated there, so had his father and grandfather. Fagging might not be pleasant; in fact, he had rather an indistinct impression to the contrary, but the greatest man in England had submitted to it. Eton had made him both a statesman and a minister; doubtless it would do the same for his son.

This was uttered in perfect good faith, for mediocrity is seldom overburdened with modesty, and the noble speaker entertained too high a sense of his own personal merits to suspect for a moment that the unconstitutional influence he exercised in the lower house, where his vast landed possessions enabled him to return three members, had anything to do with his elevation.

William Thornton was a great favorite at Eton—not for his cleverness, for there were several who excelled him in that respect, but because he possessed one of those frank and generous spirits which, whilst they awaken kind sympathies and boyish friendships, afford rich promise of the future man. In a word, he was popular in the school, exactly in the same ratio that the young Viscount was disliked.

Some natures are incapable of feeling gratitude, and Ilston was one of them. William assisted him with his exercises, fought his battles for him—only, be it understood, when his *protege* was put upon, or in the right—and yet his lordship hated him most cordially; hated him for his superiority, the mortifying sense of dependence upon him, but above all, for his not having succeeded in procuring his election into the crew of the "Mermaid," the great object of his ambition. Not even his protector's popularity could accomplish that.

The boys declared they would not have him, and there was an end of it.

Many of William's friends wondered at his motives. One hinted at "tuft-hunting," but although the accusation was so indignantly scouted, that he never ventured to renew it, the change was not approved, and the youth had occasionally to endure cold looks and unkind words; but he endured them both for the chance of once more meeting his little playfellow, Alice.

Of course it was not love that influenced him. Maiden aunts and bachelor uncles—who we never could understand the reason why—are regarded as learned authorities in such matters, would pronounce the supposition both ridiculous and preposterous.

Logically speaking, we doubt they would be in the right; for the blossom is not the fruit, but merely the sweet precursor.

The heart and flower have both their mysteries, which neither philosophers nor naturalists may read; their profoundest speculations only puzzle us.

As learned and ignorant arrive eventually at the same conclusion, "that such things are because they are," would it not be as well to start from it at first?

The first of May was the birth-day of the Earl of Carlington; and, consequently, a great festival at the Holm. The tenantry presented an address, which the steward read, and the children of the village school sang an ode to commemorate the anniversary, to which his lordship and his aristocratic guests listened, seated in solemn state on a dais of the great hall.

Such had been the custom for centuries in the family, and the present head was a great stickler for old traditions; precisely as his guide not only in public but private.

It was upon the occasion we have just alluded to that his son was permitted to invite half-a-dozen of his school-fellows to see the stately magnificence of his paternal home, and join in the festivities. As a matter of course, every one expected that William Thornton would be the first whom he selected, and probably the youth expected it himself.

It is an old proverb, but a very true one, that you have only to succeed in serving any one nine times, and fail in the hundredth, to make an enemy for life. Ilston had never forgiven

William's non-success in getting him elected into the Mermaid. It rankled in his mind, and he displayed its fitness by asking all the crew, with the exception of the one who had tried to secure his election, fought his battles, and every way befriended him.

School-boys generally possess an indignant sense of injustice. The non-invited pronounced the conduct of the Viscount shabby, the invited secretly thought it so; and one of them, Alfred Wharton, William's great chum, positively refused to accept it; for which piece of quixotism, as Dawlish, the head boy of the school, pronounced it, called him a fool; but fool or not, he kept his word.

There were two lads of the name of Wharton: the one at Eton we have just alluded to, and a younger, Harry, the orphan of a distinguished officer who had died in India, and remarkable for their strong affection for each other.

Alfred, the elder, though richly endowed by nature, both in person and understanding, did not think himself in any way superior to his younger brother, a delicate, thoughtful youth of fourteen, very reserved and shy. On the contrary, he invariably asserted that Harry possessed talents far superior to his own, which only required time to develop, and he watched over and defended him in all his schoolboy quarrels, with a love as untiring as it was beautiful.

If ever the voice of Alfred was heard in anger, in nine instances out of ten the hearers might be sure that some one had offended his brother, for never was a lad more patient on his own account.

At last it became understood in the school that to quarrel with Harry was to provoke an encounter with Alfred; and, as both were generally liked, a quarrel or a battle rarely occurred.

"I am sorry, very sorry," observed William Thornton, as he strolled with his friend towards the Bells of Onseley, "that you have refused the invitation to the Holm on my account?"

"I did so because I felt disgusted with the shabbiness of Ilston," was the reply. "Such a friend as you had been to him. It was not your fault they would not have him in the Mermaid. You tried hard enough to get him in."

"Harder than I shall ever do again," said the former; "for his conduct, to say the least of it, is ungrateful."

"You do not care about being invited to the Holm," exclaimed Alfred; "I am certain of that, although Walters insinuated that you had been tuft-hunting."

"He was right," quietly observed William. His companion appeared surprised.

"I did wish, most earnestly, to be invited to the Holm, but not for the reason Walters imagined," added the speaker.

"That I am sure you did not."

"It was in the hope of meeting a—a friend—a dear little playfellow—Ilston's cousin, whom I have known from childhood."

"I never heard you mention him before," observed his friend, archly.

"Did I say him?" exclaimed William.

Alfred smiled.

"You have bowled me out," said the speaker; "the playfellow of whom I spoke is a girl—the only child of Sir Norman and Lady Boothroyd—beautiful as a fairy—not that I have ever seen one—and frank, truthful, and loving as yourself. Somehow," he added, "our fathers never could agree; they seldom meet but to quarrel; the baronet is proud of his name and descent—thinks more of the purity of his blood, than any qualities of heart or mind. Mine, too, is proud in his way, and with better reason; for he has been the architect of his own fortune, and need not blush for the use he has made of it."

"And the little playfellow's name is—"

"Alice," answered the youth, coloring slightly.

"And a very pretty name, too," observed his companion, repeating it several times; "I am half in love with it myself."

"One motive for my wishing to see her," said William, "is to return a chain and locket."

"Which she gave you?"

"No; which I found in Meldown Park. Had you not refused the invitation to the Holm, I should have asked you to have been the bearer of it."

"As I have declined to be of the party, Ilston may regret his injustice, and ask you," replied Alfred.

"I wish he may—to have the pleasure of refusing him!" exclaimed the youth, impetuously.

"No—not even for the gratification of seeing Alice, could I now accept his tardy kindness. I never really liked him, and feel it a relief to be quit of my self-imposed task."

That same evening Alfred Wharton informed his friend that he had yielded to the viscount's pressing request, and consented to accompany him to the Holm. "I need not tell you," he added, "that it was on your account; you have only to make a packet of the chain and locket—I will be the bearer."

It is needless to say the arrangement was eagerly accepted by William Thornton, who promised to watch over Charles during his brother's absence.

Alice and her parents had been nearly a week on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Carlington, when her cousin and his schoolfellows arrived. She had never yet seen Ilston, and the impatience she expressed did not escape the observation of either of the ladies, who smiled, nodded, and looked wondrous wise on the occasion. Had they known how slight a share her cousin had in the restlessness the fair child betrayed, they would not have been so sanguine in their anguishes.

Alfred Wharton alone read the expression of disappointment on her features, as his lordship introduced his companions. He longed for an opportunity of speaking to her and delivering the packet, but neither in the drawing nor dining-room could he contrive one, so he resolved to wait till the following day, when, after the fete on the lawn for the tenants and villagers, there was to be a ball in the great hall for the more aristocratic visitors.

It is astonishing at how early an age boys educated at Eton arrive at that "admirable" kind of feeling which no words in any other language can half so well express. Not one of his schoolfellows, with the exception of Dawlish, condescended to gratify the vanity of Ilston, who expected to see them awestruck, by showing the slightest sign of surprise or admiration at the splendor of the Holm, the train of liveried menials, the costly service of plate, or the illustrious names of his father's guests.

Lads of fourteen challenged peeresses to wine, joined in conversation with statesmen, and appeared as perfectly at home as if they had been accustomed to the society of peeresses and statesmen all their lives.

Some persons may assign this precocious but not ungraceful confidence to the manliness of their sports or the neighborhood of the court. For our own part, we attribute it to a very different cause—their *white cravats*. Every Eton boy wears a white cravat; and strangers, when they encounter one in the neighborhood of Windsor, may be sure that the wearer is either an Etonian or a waiter.

The Earl, who had lost nothing of the *esprit de corps* of his school days, for once laid aside his solemn dignity, and complimented the youths on the result of their last rowing-match against Westminster. He even recollected the name of the victorious boat—the Mermaid.

In an instant Alice was all attention. She remembered it too.

Ilston observed that "every one of his companions belonged to the crew."

"Are they all here?" asked his lordship.

"The stroke oarsman is absent," replied Dawlish.

"You should have invited him," said the peer, addressing his son; "but perhaps he is not one of your friends?"

The Etonians exchanged glances, and the viscount both looked and felt annoyed.

"Oh, yes, he is!" exclaimed Alfred Wharton, delighted at the opportunity of displaying his friendship, and exposing the meanness of his lordship, "for he invariably stands up for Ilston. There is not a braver or a better fellow in the college than William Thornton."

"The son of a manufacturer, I believe," said Sir Norman, in a tone of affected contempt. "I think my nephew acted very properly in not inviting him."

"Very properly," repeated his wife, again descending to her role of echo. "A rude, coarse, presuming, ill-mannered boy. I know him."

The eyes of Alice filled with tears at this ungenerous remark, but respect for her parents kept her silent.

"We cannot be speaking of the same person, Lady Boothroyd," observed Alfred Wharton, in a tone so exquisitely yet coldly polite that it was impossible to take offence at it. "The William Thornton I mean is one of Nature's gentlemen—kind, courteous, modest and unassuming; his manners irreproachable. Every one who knows him loves him. As for his father being in trade," he added, "it may be a misfortune in some minds, but certainly not a reproach."

The ill-principled woman smarted under the spirited rebuke, which cut all the deeper from the polished language in which it was conveyed. Vainly she endeavored to silence the speaker by elevating her eyebrows and assuming a disdainful air—true friendship is not so easily put out of countenance.

"A very odd boy," she whispered to her sister the countess.

Alice thought him anything but "odd." In her childish judgment, she had never listened to any one more simple and truthful. She longed to thank him—talk to him of William—of the Mermaid—bears the particulars of the last boat-race, and again regretted that she was not a boy, that papa might send her to Eton.

During the rest of the evening Alfred could not find one single opportunity of executing the commission his friend had entrusted him with.

"To-morrow," he thought, "in the bustle of the ball-room, I shall be more fortunate."

The May day dawned bright and gloriously, as a painter could have desired or nature's poet imagined it; and the sun had scarcely kissed the regal towers of Windsor which were visible from the Holm, before the friend of William was startled from his slumbers by music upon the lawn beneath his window.

Whilst dressing, he listened to the quaint words and still quainter air which the children of the parish schools sung in honor of the day:—

Come, gentle May, from thy woodland bowers,
With thy roscate smiles and sunlit showers:

Young Summer, thy bridegroom's, impatient to meet thee;
Winter, thy guardian, has fled to the north;

Balm-breathing zephyrs now herald thee forth,
And maidens assemble with sweet songs to greet thee.

Come like a bride, clothed in virgin white;
The gems on thy brow the dewdrops of light;

A tear on thy pale cheek, a sweet smile on thy mouth.
Thy cold eyes young Summer shall quickly dry;

Mirth and content sparkle bright in thine eyes,
For his kisses are warm with the breath of the south.

By the time the singers had concluded, Alfred Wharton had descended to the lawn. Never had the face of nature looked more beautiful. The delicate flowers, invited and encouraged by the sun's first kiss, coyly peeping from beneath the sheltering leaves of their parent stem—the elasticity of the air—laden with the breath of spring, the songbirds' matin strains waking a hundred harmonies instinct with music—all lent enchantment to the scene, and plunged him in one of those delicious reveries—soft waking dreams, the very poetry of life and youth, to which in after years we oft return, but never can succeed in analyzing.

A musical, child-like laugh recalled him to himself. Alice and her governess, Mademoiselle Jaulain, were crossing the grounds for their morning walk.

The little gipsy had recognized the friend of William, and given him a hint of her presence.

Alfred was by her side in an instant. It was the very opportunity he wished for. At first they spoke of the flowers, the loveliness of the morning, or of anything except of him who was uppermost in the minds of each. Alice first introduced his name by asking if William had steered the Mermaid in the last race.

"He pulled the stroke-oar," answered the youth, highly amused at the question, and the air of gravity with which it was put. "But how came you to know the name of our boat?"

"I have heard her described so often that I could make a drawing of her," replied the little maiden, with childish glee.

"And what colors would you paint her?"

"Green, pink, and white."

"You have an excellent memory," whispered Alfred; "I doubt not most retentive for your friends."

"I never forget those I love," exclaimed Alice, with a smile.

"Neither do those you love forget you," said her companion; "poor William feels terribly disappointed in not meeting you at the Holm. It was very shabby of Ilston not to invite him, considering how he has stood up for him."

The fair child shook her head angrily.

"I hope he will not fight his battles for him any more, or write his exercises," she observed, "I would not. But you had better leave me now," she added, "or poor mademoiselle may get scolded."

"For allowing you to converse with me?"

"Yes," answered Alice, artlessly, "Mamma won't like you for speaking so well of William; good-by. I shall see you at the ball, and will dance with you," she added, "if you ask me."

As a matter of course, the young gentleman did ask her; and, before separating, contrived to place in her hand, unseen by the governess, the little packet his friend had entrusted him with.

Never had the youthful heiress of Sir Norman Boothroyd felt so impatient for the termination of her walk. The song of the bird had lost its melody, and the flowers, of which she was so fond, could only obtain a passing glance. She wondered what William could have sent her, and whether he had written. It was not till her return to the Holm that Alice was enabled to gratify her child-like curiosity.

"What a lovely chain!" she exclaimed, as she

drew forth the slender thread of gold and turquoise heart which William Thornton had found on the morning of his last visit to Meldown Park, and sent to her under the impression that it was hers.

There was a note, too, carefully written, in which the writer expressed his half-boyish, half-manly regret at not being able to see her; begged that she would not forget him; and concluded by adding that he had sent the chain and locket, which he had not had an opportunity of conveying to her before.

The young lady naturally considered it a gift, for the finder, for fear of his letter falling into her ladyship's hands, forbore to make any allusion to the manner in which he had become possessed of it.

To wear the chain was out of the question, it might have led to inquiries. The heiress, therefore, after having placed it round her neck, and sufficiently admired it, reluctantly removed it to be consigned to the safe keeping of an ivory box, in which she guarded her little treasures; one of the most valued was a feather from the wing of a favorite dove that had died upon her bosom, and which she never regarded without tears.

In the course of the morning the Earl of Carlington, after receiving the congratulation of his family and friends, listened to the address of his numerous tenantry, containing the usual stereotyped phrases of liberal landlord, friend to agricultural improvement, influence in the councils of the country, &c., &c., &c. William Thornton had felt himself perfectly justified in writing to Alice, under the idea that he was returning a trinket she had lost; but, young as she was, Alice was too good a girl to reply to him without first obtaining the permission of her parents, and that she knew to be impossible.

At the hall in the evening, just as Lady Boothroyd observed to her that it was time she should retire, she presented Alfred Wharton, who had danced with her several times, with two flowers from her bouquet—a camellia and a half-opened rosebud; the first he kept for himself, and on his return to Eton the following morning gave the latter to his friend.

Doubtless he had interpreted the donor's intentions rightly.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HESTER MARCY'S WISDOM.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

Hester Marcy was rich and beautiful; she was also a great belle.

Left an orphan and an heiress, she and her property were kindly taken in charge by a maternal uncle, who was rich only in a multitude of daughters.

When a man's quiver (which probably means his house) is full of children, he is said to be blessed; but although the conditions of such blessedness were, in the case of Mr. Ames, abundantly fulfilled, the result was hardly equal to the assertion of the proverb; for what he experienced really was blessedness, few persons would be ambitious to be blessed.

His girls, when small, quarreled morning, noon, and night; and when they were grown they tormented him constantly for new clothes, or for money. It was an incessant cry of give, give, give. They rivalled the daughters of the horse-leech in their importunate demands.

The soul of their unfortunate sire was often in bitterness because of their heedless expenditure; and fast over his temples came the gray hairs, while the lines of care grew deeper and deeper upon his face. Hester's aunt Maud was a weak and shallow-minded woman, who had by her beauty so bewitched Mr. Ames that his judgment could not perform its office; and it was only when he found himself tied for life to her that he awoke to a just appreciation of her character.

It was too late to repent then; and he resolved to make the best of his bargain. Maud was gentle and affectionate in her disposition, and she really loved her husband; she was so fair and pretty, too, that he was constrained many times, during every week of the early years of their married life, to forgive her for being emphatically "flat," and almost entirely destitute of intelligent moral principle.

He consoled himself for the exhibitions of shallowness; and as to the latter deficiency, he believed that he could in time instil his own right principles into her mind. He comforted himself, too, with the thought that Maud would never be rebellious against his will, nor ambitious of being considered as wise, and of as much consequence as was her lord and master. "Upon the whole," he reflected, as he sat watching the graceful motions of his wife, as she frolicked with their first-born child, "upon the whole it is, perhaps, best for a man of strong will and well-defined tastes to mate with a woman of weak and plastic mind. Such an one is so much more readily formed to suit her husband. Maud now, sweet creature that she is! knows no will but mine—no desire but to please me. Her head and her heart are filled with but one idea and one image, her husband's. After all, I'm glad she is—just what she is."

But when the first daughter had been followed by nine others, the material charms of Maud had either faded away or palled upon the senses of her husband, and now in a disenchanted light the faults of her character stood out to his view.

Finding that his efforts to inspire her with any lofty sense of right and wrong were all in vain, Ames had turned law-giver in severe earnest; and the result had been that his wife had made great proficiency in cunning and deceit.

Still there lingered in her bosom some remains of the old love, and to that was added a decided fear, so that she tried never to offend her husband; but as she had not force or integrity of character sufficient to conduct herself, or train her children according to Ames's ideas, she knew no better way than to cheat him in every possible manner.

This lesson she taught to her daughters; and as they advanced in years they far outstripped the errors of their timid mother.

They early cast aside all fear of their parents; and what they could not coax or cheat them out of they scolded and fretted out of them.

Ames stood firm as long as he could; but there is a point at which pressure will break any man; and when that point was reached in the case under consideration, poor Ames gave way, and was forever after but a sad affair in his own household. His wife, whose plastic mind he had hoped to form to all that was good and lovely in his eyes, had undermined him, and his daughters had charged upon and overwhelmed him. When Hester came to reside in his family, she found her uncle a sorrowful and silent old man.

Hester was at that time fifteen years old; but she was wise, strong, and womanly beyond her years. She could read human nature generally and particularly; and she had not been two days in her uncle's house before she understood each member of the family. Hester had not been well

taught morally, but she had high and noble instincts, and a warm, impulsive heart. She was also brave as a young lion, and firm as a rock. At once she loved her abused uncle, and espoused his cause—making no effort to conceal the indignation and contempt she felt for the conduct of the other members of the family.

Of course her cousins all hated her heartily. The more ingenuous of their number expressed this feeling; but others, reflecting that Hester was very wealthy and very generous, thought their wisest way was to hide their dislike, and even to pretend to improve in their behavior.

Aunt Maud, as Hester called her uncle's wife, had not force enough in her soul to enable her to hate anybody. She was kind to Hester, and always agreed with her in all that she said, just as she did in what her own girls and in what her husband said. She was never known to quarrel, or even to dispute, in her whole life. "Anything for peace" had always been her favorite motto. If she had not depth sufficient to enable her to see that although true and pure peace is worth many and great sacrifices, that hollow and corrupt peace is more fatal than the direct strife and confusion, shall she be severely judged? Where little is given, little will be required.

Hester's keen perception was not at fault in judging of the sincerity of her cousins' reformed carriage toward their father, but her good nature allowed it to pass without note or comment. She was glad that they pretended to be better girls, if they would not be so. Glad, for their father's sake, who seemed not to understand but what the reform was genuine, and grew happier than he had been for many a long day.

Hester's force of character, her kind and genial temper, and her great wealth, had a powerful influence for good upon the habits and comforts of her uncle's family. To him she was as dear as her right hand, as precious as the apple of his eye. He loved her beyond any and all things in the world.

When Hester was nineteen years of age, there came, through influence of her cousins, one of Mr. Ames's clerks to board in his family. The girls had taken a great fancy to him on account of his good looks, they were not satisfied until they had him settled as an inmate of their house.

It was shocking bad policy upon the part of the Ames's young ladies to bring into such connection with their daily life a person whom they were desirous to charm. But it often is the case that people overreach themselves. It was so in this case. Willis Westbrook had felt some slight stirrings of admiration and interest for one of his employer's daughters, but all such feelings speedily departed when he found himself domesticated in the family.

In spite of all the affecting proofs of their affection for him, given by the four eldest Misses Ames, the favored clerk found himself liking them worse and worse every day. He was attentive and respectful to them all, but showed no particular kindness to any one.

Hester had never seen until he met her at the first meal which he ate at Mr. Ames's table. He started with surprise at the sight of her great beauty, and his thoughts kept reverting to her all that evening. Maud (her mother's namesake) and Marion Ames confided to Hester the story of their expectations. They were sure that one of them was to be Mrs. Westbrook, though which was to be the happy person they had not yet decided.

"He is a poor fellow, to be sure," said Maud; "but then he is such a business man, he is sure to become rich; and it is not once in a thousand times that you see a rich young man so handsome and distinguished-looking as Willis is. Don't you think he is handsome, Hester?"

"He is certainly a very noble-looking young man. His is a face that tells of an upright and honorable nature," was the enthusiastic reply.

Maud looked expressively at Marion, and neither of the sisters said any more about Mr. Westbrook before Hester. Instinctively they felt that it was to be hoped, for the sake of their interest, that she should not become too fully awake to his attractions.

But it was foreordained and predestinated that Hester Marcy should marry Willis Westbrook, and as it is always the case, the predestinated persons made haste to use their "free agency" for the express purpose of voluntarily and joyfully fulfilling the decree that from eternity had been written concerning them. The Lord loved the hearty, earnest, and affectionate Hester, and He sent one who knew and loved Him to show her (in some respects) benighted and bewildered soul the way upward into the perfect light.

Willis was one of those rare beings who are strictly and consistently religious, without being in the least narrow or bigoted. He was honorable to the core; and as much so in respect to small things as to large ones.

The courtship of our young people was an original one. It consisted mostly of mutual questionings and confidences regarding each other's dispositions.

Hester honestly admitted that she frequently erred in matters upon which Willis always reasoned and acted aright.

She knew her moral sense was not what it should be, but she added sincerely that she desired that it should become as sensitive as was his own. "You shall be my teacher and my guide," she said, "and all the wickedness that is in me shall flee before you."

When it was no longer a matter of doubt that Westbrook was lost to the sisters, they all, with one accord, turned against him. They never had half liked him, they said

her escort a gentleman for whom she entertained a profound respect, Willis entered the parlor.

"Where now?" he asked, cheerily, thinking that they were all off for church.

"There, you should have come earlier, or not at all," cried Hester, laughing. "You must take one of Mr. Lockwood's ladies, for I shall not leave Mr. Sargent now, not even for you. But I'm so glad you have come to go with us. We are all going to hear that magnificent Oratorio of the Creation."

"You are?"

His tone and his look were very much disturbed. "I told you so," said Marion, giving Hester a slight push in the back.

"Why, what ails you, Willis? You are not vexed because I was going without you?"

"Certainly not; but, Hester, I cannot go to such a place to-night. I did not think that you would."

"You surely do not think it wrong to go to listen to a sacred concert upon the Sabbath eve?" remarked the gentleman upon whose arm Hester leaned.

"I cannot enter into any argument upon the subject; but I most certainly shall never forsake my church, and cross a ferry, and travel several miles to aid a money-making, Sabbath desecration," was the somewhat excited reply of Willis.

"You do not object to Miss Marcy's going?" interrogated Mr. Sargent.

"She must act her own pleasure. I do not seek to control her; but if she goes it will be greatly against my wishes."

"Provoking!" muttered some one.

"Then I shall stay at home," said Hester, seating herself in something very like a pet, upon the nearest chair.

"If you give up to be dominated over like this before marriage, what will it be after?" cried Maud, taking instant advantage of the vexation of Hester.

"You'll find that there is truth in it if there is no poetry in it I told you about his despotic temper. You'll just sink down into a perfect slave, a nobody that can't say that her soul is her own, if you are going to give way so."

"Poor, foolish Hester!" uttered Alice, in a tone of provoking pity.

"I guess if I was an heiress in my own right I'd see who'd dare to order me what to do and what not to do. It wouldn't be a penniless, fortune-hunting clerk who should dare to set up to frown at me, and show displeasure at what I chose to do. Do, Hester, show that you have some spirit, and that you are not to be ruled by other people's conscience."

All this time Willis had looked distressed half to death. When the allusion to Hester's wealth and to his penniless condition was made, his before rather pale flushed scarlet. His noble and innocent features worked as if it were with the utmost difficulty that he was commanding his emotions; he half rose, and putting his hand to his head, seemed about to speak, when Hester sprang up and ran to him.

With an arm about his neck she faced the crowd of tormentors, almost fiercely ejecting at them an order to be silent.

"I make no mortal's conscience my law. I am in bondage to no man, nor ever shall be; I desire to do right that I may please God, not merely to please my best earthly friend," (looking tenderly upon Willis); "but Willis knows better than I do the things that are right from the things that are wrong; therefore, I shall trust to his judgment until I am able to judge truly for myself. As for his unflinching adherence to the right in the seemingly unimportant things of life and action, I glory in and honor him for that more than for almost anything else. In a man who is so careful never, even in the least things, to offend the God of his worship, I know full well that the heart of the woman of his love may fully and securely trust. The mighty fortune that you taunt him with my uncle can tell you was long ago swept away. Had Willis not known this he would never have offered to me the heart and hand which are of more value than those of any crowned king that the sun shines upon."

"My noble girl! My noble, blessed child!" cried the good old uncle, running to embrace his niece and her now happy lover. "I would that God had granted me but one daughter like you. You would be blessing enough to the man your heart has chosen, even though you went to him clad in rags; but I can no longer deceive you. You are not a poor orphan, as, through anxiety to know that you were loved for yourself alone, I was induced to represent you. Your property is all secure, and although Willis Westbrook is forever clear from the stigma which attaches itself to the name of a fortune-hunter, he has found a fortune, aye, a double one, in finding you."

In a few weeks subsequent to this scene Willis and Hester were married, and went away to reside in peace in their own elegant and comfortable home. Uncle Ames's chief delight was to spend his evenings with his pet Hester and her hardly less beloved husband.

It is needless to say that he was ever a welcome and honored guest. When a baby boy appeared in Hester's arms, the old man was more frequent than ever in his visits; and when the dear little fellow became able to speak, and was taught to call him "Grandpa," his delight transcended all reasonable bounds. Hester and Willis were forced to lead the old man, with his precious burden, to the safe keeping of a rocking-chair, lest, in his rejuvenated antics, he should break his own neck or the baby's.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The action of the mind has never been clearly understood. We speak of reason and instinct—the former as belonging to man, and the latter to animals; but the dividing line between the two has never been drawn, and never can be—because in instinct there seems at times to be the highest and most perfect powers of reason, and in reason the highest and most perfect powers of instinct.

Some of the superior animals—such as the dog, the horse, and the elephant—have been known to display a sagacity that has seemed to comprehend a rational consideration of the whole proceeding in which they have become actors; while man, likewise reversing the natural order, has been known to be completely governed and controlled by something opposed to reason, and which, in the animal, would have been called instinct merely.

Instinct itself can only be fairly understood as a controlling impulse, requiring the object it governs to perform certain things without consideration of cause or effect; and it has never been clearly demonstrated whether this is the action of the mind *per se*, or the action of a mind *ab extra*. In either case, it is very wonderful—as in fact, for that matter, is everything connected with this wonderful universe—from the largest astronomical body, to the smallest animalcule.

One of the most remarkable cases, in illustration of our point—and which, by the way, may also serve to show the dangers of premature burial—occurred in our Northern cities of that terrible Southern pestilence, the yellow fever. The facts to which we refer were well attested at the time—were placed on record—and may now be in the recollection of some of our readers; but as the incidents were very thrilling in themselves, we claim the historian's privilege of making use of them.

At the time when the yellow fever was violently raging in the city of Boston—and thousands, becoming frantic with fear, were deserting their homes, and leaving their stricken friends in the hands of strangers—when the heavy rumble of the death-carts, with the solemn and appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!" were almost the only sounds that broke the dismal stillness of the streets—at that time, we say, a man in the prime of life, surrounded by his wife and little ones, was smitten by the devastating scourge.

Upon the first appearance of the fearful symptoms, the wife immediately gave her children into the care of some of her friends, with a request that they should be forthwith taken from the city to the country.

"And you must go with them!" said they.

"No!" she replied; "the place of the wife is by the side of her husband—especially in his darkest hour of need."

"But he will die, and you become a victim also."

"As God wills!" she piously rejoined.

"But why remain, and thus expose yourself, and make your children orphans?"

"Would you have me leave my husband in the hands of strangers?"

"But he will soon become delirious, and know not who attends upon him."

"But I shall know!" returned the devoted wife; "and should I survive, it will ever be a consolation to me to remember I did my duty."

No remonstrance, no persuasion, could induce that heroic woman to depart. Taking leave of her beloved little ones with maternal tenderness—perhaps for the last time—she resigned them to God's care and her friends, and went back to the gloomy dwelling, which had till late been a bright and happy home. Already the dreadful sign was upon it—the sign which told the passer-by there was another victim of the pestilence within, and would probably soon be another burden for those whose duty it was to bear the remains of the departed to the common sepulchre; but with the heroism of a martyr, that angel wife crossed the threshold to perish or to save.

We will not dwell with a physician's minuteness upon the alarming symptoms and progress of the disease. Suffice it to say, that the sick man soon became delirious, raved like a maniac, and, in spite of the best medical attendance which could be procured, and the most careful and devoted nursing of that devoted wife, gradually sunk, grew weaker and more weak, and at last lay still, and became rigid and cold in death.

In that solemn moment, when that fond wife, kneeling beside the corpse of him she loved, his cold hand clasped in hers, was pouring out her loving and agonized soul in a prayer to heaven for strength and resignation to bear the earthly separation; in that dread moment, when not a living thing stirred in all the house except herself—and the night-lamp burned dim—and the clock, with its steady tick, as it measured time to her but not to him, made the only sounds besides her sobs that broke the dreary stillness—in that awful moment, we say, there came a low, distant rumble, the noise gradually increasing; and then the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" resounded along the almost deserted street, striking a fearful chill to many an agitated heart, and causing many a tearful eye to rest mournfully upon the beloved form that must soon by the living be beheld no more forever.

There were two or three ominous pauses of this dread, semi-hourly visitor—two or three repetitions of the dismal cry—and then it seemed to pause under the very windows of that death-chamber, and the awful words, loud and chilling, of "Bring out your dead!" seemed to pierce the very heart of that poor, sorrow-stricken wife and mother.

"No dead here!" she cried, with a strange, unaccountable impulse, starting to her feet, clasping her temples with her hands, and gazing wildly upon the ghastly, withered form of him she loved: "No dead here! He is not dead! My husband is not dead! He still lives! He only sleeps! Great God, give me power to wake him, ere he be torn from me!"

And as these sentences were uttered rapidly and wildly, heavy steps were heard advancing along the hall, and ascending the stairs with slow and measured tread. The next moment the door of the death-chamber was slowly opened, two rough visages and figures were presented to the view of the agonized wife, and a deep, gruff voice said—

"Is it over, good woman?"

"No, no! it is not over! my husband still lives! He will soon recover!"

Without making a reply the foremost advanced, took up the light, walked to the bed, held it close to the face of the ghastly form that lay there, and quietly observed—

"He's as dead as he ever will be!" Then turning to his companion, he added, "Let's take him down!"

"No, no!" cried the startled wife, throwing herself before them; "I tell you he is living, and will soon be well! Go! he is not a subject for you! Come to-morrow, if you will, and witness the truth of my words—but touch him not to-night!"

"She raves, poor woman!" said the spokesman, "but we've got to do our duty."

"Back!" screamed the almost frantic wife; "you shall not touch him! Back, and do no murder here, or the curse of Heaven will light upon you!"

The two men whispered together a few moments, and then the spokesman rejoined—

"We'll leave him a half hour, till we come again; but if we was to leave him to eternity, you'd find no life there."

With this they slowly withdrew; and as that self-sacrificing wife heard their heavy, descending steps, she threw herself upon her knees, thanked God for the brief respite, and prayed for strength and power to deliver her companion from the already yawning grave.

Strange prayer was this to follow the other, in which she had asked for strength and resignation to bear the earthly parting! Wherefore the change? Why did she believe him living, who reason told her was dead?

There he lay, ghastly and cold, without motion, without breath, without life. One half hour—no brief half hour—and they whose duty it was to quickly consign the dead to dust, that the awful contagion might not spread through mortal decay, would again be there to claim that beloved form.

There was not a moment to be lost! And with an invocation to Heaven for assistance, that trem-

bling wife began the seemingly hopeless task of restoring her dear partner to life. She chafed his temples, his body, his limbs, rolled him to and fro on the bed, and called upon him in the most endearing terms.

He was thus engaged, using almost superhuman exertions, when again she heard, with a chill of despair, the distant rumble of the vehicle of the grave, and the appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!"

Nearer and nearer it comes—louder and louder sound those awful tones—still more actively and painfully she labors, and yet no signs of life—the same cold, ghastly, inanimate form!

Hark! there are steps along the hall—there is the door once more slowly opens, and with a suppressed shriek of agony the almost frantic wife once more turns and beholds those same grim, unsympathizing visages before her.

"We've come again for your dead!" said one, as both advanced toward the bed.

"Back!" shrieked the wife; "there is no dead for you here!"

The man still advanced, and came up to the corpse.

"This here's perfect folly!" said the spokesman; "it's our duty to take away dead bodies wherever we find 'em; it's the only chance there is to keep down this horrible disease; and so stand aside, good woman, and let us take the body quietly. Don't take on so; it's got to be done; you can't keep it with you; and the longer it remains here, the less chance you'll have of escaping the same fate yourself."

"But my husband is not dead!" cried the wife, wringing her hands, and keeping her place between the body and those who had come for it.

"We can see, good woman, and our eyes tell us better," was the somewhat gruff reply. "Come, stand aside, and yield to what you can't avoid."

"Oh, no! no! never! He is not dead, I tell you—and you shall not touch him!"

"Good woman, we've got to do our duty," pursued the man, more positively, attempting to put her aside.

"For God's sake, spare us!" she shrieked, dropping down on her knees, clasping her hands, and looking up imploringly. "Spare us, I beseech you! See! I am kneeling to you! I am praying to you! For the love of God, spare us a little longer! He will soon revive! He only sleeps!"

The men, perceiving that the only chance of getting at the corpse would be by a forcible removal of its guardian angel, again conferred together, and again agreed to give her another half hour.

As soon as the friendless wife again heard the welcome sound of the departing footsteps of her dreadful visitors, she again renewed her efforts to resuscitate that which to reason appeared hopelessly dead. She took a new course. She raised his head—almost sat him up in bed; heated flannels and rolled them around his limbs; placed hot onions upon his feet; and thus worked with the will and strength of love and hope united with despair.

But vain were all her efforts. No life! no signs of life! Yet time was rolling swiftly on; and what seemed to that nearly distracted woman but a few brief moments, again brought around the terrible half hour—and with it those whom she now regarded as her most terrible foes.

This time those men, in the performance of their painful duty, would listen to no prayers, no entreaties, no remonstrances. They told her plainly that she was as unreasonable as a lunatic; that though they pitied her, their duty must be done; the body must be removed, and the apartments fumigated; there was no alternative; and what could not be done peaceably, would have to be done forcibly.

Accordingly they put her aside, approached the body, and laid hold of it. But she burst frantically in between them, threw herself upon the corpse, and clung to it with spasmodic, convulsive tenacity—at the same time shrieking forth, in the most heart-rending tones—

"As God Almighty liveth, you shall not separate us! If you bury him, you bury me with him!"

"Good woman," said the spokesman, "why will you go on in this way? We don't want to use force; but we'll have to, if you don't let us do our duty without. The man's dead; and I tell you we've got to take away the body this time; and we'll do it, too, by fair means or foul!"

"Then you shall take me with my husband!" persisted the wife; "we shall both have the same grave! Oh, for the love of God!" she pursued, in tones of the most passionate entreaty, "give me one half hour more! Just one half hour! only one!"

"But it'll be all the same when we come again," returned the other; "you'll fight just as hard for the body."

"No, no—give me one half hour more—and if you find him not living when you return, I will make no further resistance."

Again there was a brief consultation between the two men, and the spokesman rejoined—

"If you'll solemnly promise us this, we'll agree to wait till the next round—but don't hope to put us off any longer."

"I solemnly vow to you," cried the wife, with a gleam of joy, "that if you find him not alive on your return, he is yours for the grave."

The death-men departed once more; and once more that poor wife, with feelings which no pen can describe, set about her hopeless task of recalling the dead to life.

One half hour—only one half hour—no hope beyond! She glanced at the clock; but the light was too dim to show its face; and tearing out her watch, she hung it upon the post of the bed, and recommenced her task more eagerly and tremblingly than ever.

She re-heated the flannels, and re-wrapped the limbs; she placed bottles of hot water against different parts of the cold body; she forced hot brandy through the death-locked teeth; she renewed the hot onions; she blew her breath into the lungs; she applied ammonia to the olfactory nerves; she did it all everything that love and hope and despair could suggest.

But, alas! all to no purpose; all were of no avail; Death claimed his victim; the loved form remained cold and rigid, without the faintest sign of life or animation. Poor woman! with a deep, heavy groan, she looked for the hour, and saw with feverish eyes it wanted but a few points of the fatal moment; and while she looked, the distant rumble of the death-cart became audible, and the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" once more resounded along the dismal street.

Then it was—in the very agony of despair—with the last faint spark of hope extinguished—the poor wife let fall the head she had been supporting, and from her trembling hand the powerful ammonia was spilled upon the pallid face. And then it was, most strange and wonderful to relate, a mighty change took place. There came a quiver—a short, quick gasp—a struggle—a struggle for life—and then, with a wild shriek of joy, the late

despairing wife clasped a living husband in her arms!

We need not dwell upon a scene which no language can portray. When the death-men again came for the body, to their utter amazement—almost terror—they beheld a living man sitting in place of the dead—his now speechless wife clinging fondly to him, and weeping such tears of joy as rarely flow from mortal eyes.

That husband, so miraculously strange and from the very jaws of death, the strangled and unaccountable devotion of his wife, lived many long years after, to speak of the providence of God, and make happy by true affection the loving heart of the being who had saved him.

And now comes the great question: What led this noble woman to struggle against reason—against the evidence of her senses—against hope? Was it instinct? or was it a higher power? an intelligence speaking to her inmost soul from beyond the boundaries of time? Who shall say?

MY "CASTLES IN SPAIN."

BY RAILLE M. BRYAN.

"I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain."—CICERO.

Lovely, beneath the loveliest skies,
Kissed by a young moon's tender beams
I saw their glittering spires arise
And flash against a heaven of dreams.

They seemed so fair and so serene,
And bore so many a sweet device,
I wondered had the angels seen
Such splendors in their Paradise.

Enchanted me, rich and low,
Was fainting in the perfumed air,
And heaven was mirrored in the flow
Of every murmuring streamlet there.

And, by lone lakes, young myrtle trees
Half shaded all the summer dews;
I wondered had the angels seen
Such splendors in their Paradise.

And told their wild loves o'er and o'er,
I knew what lonely seas and deep
Barred from me my enchanted towers;
Yet my deluded bark would keep
Its fairy course through wasted hours.

For, like the stored life of old,
Still as I neared they sank from sight—
I could not rest me and behold
In vivid glow their treasures bright.

And there were many forms to woo
The worship of such heart as mine—
Ay, I should say, to win it too—
And brightest of them all was thine.

Alas, thy blue and dreamy eyes
Smiled on me through a distance dim,
Until I felt my God's own skies
And murmured, I must gaze on him.

Once glancing o'er my mystic plain
I saw that at thy walled place,
There in my heart's castle Spain—
But changed and gloomy was thy face—
Farwell! I with cold and altered tone

And scornful smile I heard thee say—
And from my life a hollow moan
Replied as thou didst pass away.

Then something wilder than the dash
Of all the waves of ages swept
Across my eyes and on a crash
Thundered and died—I bowed and wept.

And when I raised my head again,
In dust my towers and columns lay;
Above them wildly beat the rain,
And thou—ah, thou wert gone for aye.

Come walking, winds, come birds of night,
Come time, and bring the ivy vine
To wind in constant clasp and bright
This desolated pride of mine.

Come with your mellow and your mold
For these rich draperies, these fair halls,
Come with your mosses and enfold
These humbled towers, these broken walls.

THE FAST YOUNG LADY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Ten years ago I met her at Nahant. She was engaged to a fast young man, who had just come into possession of a handsome fortune, and the way in which they astonished even some of the faster kind of Boston fast young men and women, was amusing enough. The young lady could swim, play at ten pins and billiards, and drive a span of spirited ponies with the ease and nonchalance of a man about town, or a well skilled Jehu.

Daily she rattled over the Lynn beach, with a bandied waiter boy, a bright mulatto, behind her, guiding her splendid pair of horses with a carelessness of style that alarmed half the people. We expected daily to receive news of a broken neck. But she passed through all the perils of madcap horsemanship safely.

The young man was evidently proud of the notice she attracted, and humored her to the fullest extent in her wild whims and extravagant conduct. A few months later, and they were married. The wedding was one of those brilliant, half-indecent affairs, the details of which get into the newspapers, and form the theme of a nine days' gossip in fashionable circles.

But the fast young lady did not make an amiable, loving, devoted companion. Far from it. She was now a fast young wife, and led her husband into all manner of extravagances. They were not many years in sounding the depth of the fortune which neither of them was wise enough to enjoy. It melted away like snow wreaths in the sunshine, and with a suddenness that stunned them, they fell from their dazzling pinnacle into the shadowed vale of poverty.

It was now that the fast young wife's true quality was proved. A weak, vain lover of the world and its false glitter, she could not live in that humble, domestic, useful retirement, in which so many sweet flowers of virtue grow, and fill all the air with fragrance. "No, no," she was the bold, brilliant dahlia, not the sweet-scented violet nor pure lily of the valley, nor even the blushing rose, with so rich a store of goodness in its heart, that no queenly beauty could give the corruption of vanity.

And so, when the tempter knocked at her lowly window, she arose and went out to him, leaving her deluded husband to walk his thorny path in life alone. Five years ago I saw her on the stage. Evil passions had changed her fearfully. Something of the old dash and brilliancy remained, but it was plain that the fires which had burned so fiercely for years were consuming her. Two years later, and the sad drama of her life closed. She sleeps, now, the fearful sleep of death. Yet her grave is without a monument or a flower, and no heart makes to it a loving pilgrimage.

So much for the fast young lady. If her course was dazzling and brilliant, like the meteor's, it was quite as brief, and went out suddenly in eternal darkness. In the flush of her beauty she had hosts of friends and admirers, but no true lovers. In the sad waning of life, there were none so poor, none so humble as to do her reverence, for she possessed no good qualities, those real things which are recognized by all as of sterling value. There was no pure affection, no sense of honor, no unselfish regard for others, but only weak, poor, mean self-love, and unbridled passion; and these which are despised by all, had ruined all.

EVEN GROWTH.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

What if a person's head were to be the only part of his person which grew? or what if his arms or his legs were to do all the growing, and his trunk were to remain of the size of that of a child? or what if one feature should be the only one upon the face that increased in size as the person advanced from childhood? Suppose, for instance, that the nose were to be the only feature which grew; or suppose it were the mouth, or the eyes! What a shocking sight would such things present, and how such a misfortune would be deprecated!

It would be called deformity. And yet it would be but the body that was deformed; that least valuable part of a man—the part which wastes, and crumbles, and decays; which is soon laid aside, to be hereafter re-fashioned perfect and incorruptible. How little, comparatively, should one care for what befalls that part of himself which is to last so short a time, and to be so gloriously re-fashioned. But how a man's mind grows one would think should be a subject of constant and engrossing solicitude. Mind, which is, in its nature, immortal—can never cease to feel the ill effects of early distortion—this is the thing to which the attention of every living man and woman should be directed. What is the undue size of a nose—the want of symmetry of features—to the uneven development of the immortal mind? Yet how slight is the mortification of a man whose appetites have prodigiously outgrown his affections, or whose passions have completely covered down his moral nature.

A man whose tastes have crowded out his sympathies, as usurping birds crowd out the rightful tenants of a nest, seldom tries to hide his deformity as he tries who knows that one of his shoulders rears higher than the other. A man whose ambition towers above his honesty and modesty as far as a nose of twenty years' growth would project beyond the other features of an infant, scarce ever tries to cover this monstrous mental feature. Another, whose selfish instincts are so enormous that they have sucked the life out of his benevolence and love, and crowd and incommode everybody he comes near, doesn't even know that he has got any protuberances to hide, or any hollows to be padded.

How strange are we—so full of concern for the Less, so foolishly neglectful of the Greater!

HOW WE ENJOY MOST.

There is often more solid comfort taken in an hour's quiet meditation on past pleasures than was taken in the excitement and enjoyment of the pleasures themselves. The sense of uncertainty—the conviction that the joy must soon be over—is too apt to be an ingredient of pain in every present pleasure. But when the pleasure has passed—when our memory has secured and embalmed it—then we sit down to enjoy it without one fear that it shall be snatched away.

More sharply sweet is the pleasure of memory than either that of anticipation or of possession. And in the snap and sparkle of memory's joys there is also peace—peace which is better than all.

In anticipation there is restlessness and care—a fore-looking of fear and doubt. We can't tell how things will turn, we are anxious lest this event or that should clash with and hinder the event which is to come. We are hot and cold by turns. Now we are elate with joyous hope, for all seems to work for us; anon we are cast down by apprehension, for all appears going against us. If it be but a party that we have planned for a certain day, how many varied guests Probability will show to us before our guests are fairly within our doors, and our festival under full way. Besides, when we have at last come up to the hour which was to give us and our friends so much joy, we are often so overcome by excitement and fatigue, that we are unable to realize that we are experiencing any pleasure at all, still less can we hold by turns. Now we are elate with joyous hope, for all seems to work for us; anon we are cast down by apprehension, for all appears going against us. 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HOW OFT WE TURN IN DEEP DELIGHT.

A Melody.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How oft we turn in deep delight
To all the starry wreaths of Night;
Or the rainbow gently curled—
God's benediction o'er the world;
Or on the many-colored flower,
The gorgeous queen of summer's bower—
And why?—it is that of the human heart
The beautiful hath claimed a deathless part.

But with a deeper gladness we
Behold that radiant mystery,
Dear woman's rosy lip, and feel
Its magic through our being steal,
Sweeter than softest music breathed,
Mid myrtles in the moonlight wreathed—
And why?—it is that she's the crowning gem,
Queen-flower in Nature's perfect dream.

Yet still a deeper gladness gleams,
Like morning over darkened streams,
Upon our souls whenever we see
In woman angel-purity,
And rapt Religion's seraph-fire
Scouring to Heaven's own spotless choir—
And why?—it is that there so well combined,
Beauty and Goodness are by Truth enshrined.

Dear Lady! canst thou wonder now
That I must gaze on thy fair brow
In such delight, when thus I see
Beauty and Goodness joined in thee?
Ah, no! I ah, no! I still let me gaze
On thy rich Beauty's sweet, soft rays;
Still let me mark the wild angelic grace
That with it sparkles o'er thy modest face.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November, and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us, who sat upon the quarter-deck, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast desert to the southward of us.

"I think you have traveled across the desert?" said one of our number, addressing the Captain. "Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia and the country south of it."

"Was it there you had your adventure with the lion?" "Ah—you've heard of that scrape, eh?" "Only that you had such an adventure, captain. Your mate told me you had met the animal."

"Well, I have; and if you would like to hear the yarn, I will tell it."

A vote was immediately and unanimously carried that Captain Bushwick have permission to relate his adventure; and without further preliminaries he proceeded:

"It is now five-and-twenty years since I took the notion to travel amongst the African natives. I had an uncle living in Mocha, engaged in trade there, and I had gone out to see him. He was going into Abyssinia on business, and I accompanied him. Our party consisted of six—my uncle and self, and four Nubian servants. These Nubians were faithful fellows, and long tried, and were, moreover, strong and fearless, having lived with my relative several years. When the business was over, I proposed that we should take a trip to the southward and see the country. The Nubians were anxious to go, and after a deal of persuasion my uncle consented to the arrangement."

"On the seventh day we reached a large lake upon the extreme southern border of Abyssinia, where we pitched our tent, and then went to hunting for game, we having been informed that we should find plenty of both fish and fowl in this region. Our luck was moderate, much more so than I had expected, and my uncle was bent upon returning. But I was determined to have a few more trials."

"The only boat we had been able to find was a small canoe, fashioned from a log, and one morning I declared that I would take a cruise in it if some one would accompany me. The canoe would not carry more than two of us with any degree of safety, and as all four of the Nubians offered to go, I was obliged to make my own selection. So I took Lari, the youngest of the lot, but the brightest and most cool and brave in the presence of danger. I took my rifle and pistols, while Lari took his rifle and spear; and thus equipped we set out. The canoe was easily managed while we kept our proper places, and all went on finely until afternoon. It was very warm and sultry, and I had removed my pistol-belt, and laid it in the bottom of the boat with my rifle. Lari had just proposed turning back when I saw a large flock of birds settle down upon a tree close by the shore, and I bade my companion to help me paddle in that direction. He did not object, for he wanted a shot at them himself."

"We had come to within a dozen fathoms of the shore, when a quick, loud cry from Lari startled me from my aim, and on the next instant the canoe struck upon some hard substance."

"A rock?" I queried.

"A hippopotamus!" the Nubian shouted, springing back towards me.

"Hardly had the words escaped his lips before a huge black head was lifted above the gunwales, and as I cast my eyes over into the water, I saw the whole body of the monster. It was as large as an elephant, but ten times more hideous in look. Its mouth was opened to a distance of three feet, or more, and its great teeth, all of a foot in length, looked like destruction itself. He seized the bows of our boat in his capacious jaws, and crushed it like an egg-shell. With all the force I could muster I leaped into the water, and struck out for the shore. I never swam faster, though when I reached land I found that the hippopotamus had not followed us, having sunk to the bottom, probably as soon as he had destroyed the canoe."

"We were now in a quandary. We had come all of twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we must foot it back the best way we could. If we could have followed the shore the task would have been easy enough, but this we could not do, for a deep, dark swamp, overgrown with reeds and bushes, and gnarled trees, lay between us and our tent, so we must strike up into the wood upon the higher land, and make the best of it. Our only weapons were two knives and Lari's spear. The latter he had grasped as he started from the boat, but the rifles and pistols were at the bottom of the lake. I bade my companion to take the lead, and he did so."

"For three hours we tugged on through a thick, matted forest, and at the end of that time we reached the edge of a wide expanse of rocky desert. There were clumps of bushes scattered over the place, but they looked dry and parched. Here we took an observation, and finally decided to keep down upon the right-hand side of the rocky plain, knowing that the lake must lie in that direction. By the time we had passed over half the length of the barren waste the sun was behind the trees. A

little while afterwards, just as the dark shadows spread over the whole width of the plain, Lari uttered a low 'his!' and placed his hand upon my arm."

"Do you hear anything?" he asked me.

"I listened a moment, and told him, yes. 'Perhaps they are coming after us.'"

"Who are they?" said he.

"Our party," I answered.

"That fellow walks on four feet, and has a weight equal to all the men we have left behind. Hark again."

"I did so, and could now plainly distinguish the tread of some heavy animal."

"Is it a lion, do you think?" I asked.

"Lari hesitated a moment, and then, grasping me by the arm, he pointed into the wood."

"Look!—See!—There!" he cried, whirling me half around as he spoke.

"I did look—and I saw a sight—a sight that made my hair start and my heart leap. Not a rifle!—not even a pistol!—and yet there—not twenty yards distant—was a huge Nubian lion crawling towards us. I could see his eyes burn; I could see his long tail sweep the grass; and I could see that he was advancing for a spring."

"He's hungry," said the Nubian, 'or he wouldn't be coming on in that way.'"

"Then he'll attack us?" I suggested.

"Of course he will!"

"And not a weapon for defence?"

"I have my spear," returned Lari. "Now back of these bushes—quick—and let him come. Have your knife out in case of need."

"I hardly knew what my companion meant, but I saw, just upon our left, a clump of bushes bearing a small, red berry. They were not over four feet high, and occupied a space some eight feet long by four wide. When we had gained a position behind them, I looked for the lion. He had stopped as he saw us take this covert, but we were not hidden from his sight, as there were openings in the foliage through which both parties could obtain a view of each other."

"We are gone!" said I, trembling with fear, as I saw the huge monster settle upon his belly and move towards us."

"Perhaps not," whispered Lari, without taking his eye from the lion. "Keep still—don't move for your life!"

"But what can you do with that spear?" I asked.

"Perhaps nothing; but wait and see."

"I did wait; and though it was but a few moments yet it was a season of terrible suspense to me. I am not a coward, nor was I ever one; but come to be situated as I was then, with a full-grown lion before you—not twenty yards off—and only a little patch of bushes for an apology for a shelter, through which the beast could watch your every movement, and with that unearthly, purring, roaring growl, hardly perceptible in tone, but making the air tremble with its intensity—have all this, as I had it then, and if you don't tremble, then you're made of sterner stuff than I am."

"Once I cast my eyes upon Lari, who was at my right, and I saw that he was as calm as a rock. His great brown eye was fixed upon the lion with a burning gaze, and his teeth were set like the jaws of a vice. He was upon his right knee, with his left foot braced before him, and his long spear, which he held with a firm grasp, had the end of the shaft set against the hard ground behind him, with the sharp steel head elevated just to the top of the bushes."

"Hid!" he uttered, gathering himself for an effort; and as I turned, I saw the lion cautiously advancing upon his belly. When about five yards off he stopped and gathered himself for a spring. I saw his huge claws settle into the ground, and I saw his great, shaggy head start upward as he left his couch. With my heart as still as death I bowed my head, and shrank down towards the earth. I heard a shock—a momentary struggle—a crashing sound, as of the breaking of wood, and then I was knocked over by a heavy body's coming in contact with my right shoulder. With a powerful effort I struggled from beneath the weight, and gained my feet."

"The first thing I saw was Lari, for it was he who had fallen upon me. The next was the lion, who lay only a few feet off, with the head of the spear buried deep in his throat, the shaft being broken off about midway. He was roaring with a deep, hoarse sound, and tearing the dirt up with his claws."

"I think that found his heart before it broke," said Lari, as he gained his feet. "If the shaft had held I'd have pinned him through the heart, and sent him twenty feet over behind us. But, I tell ye, he's a heavy one to lift."

"The monster was dead in a few minutes, and we then held an examination. The lance-head had entered the lower part of the throat, directly beneath the fore-shoulders, and gone clean through the heart."

"You must have had a good aim," said I.

"But 'twas a good mark," replied Lari. "When I saw him coming I just turned the point right for his heart, and he killed himself."

"It was all very simple, and it may have been very easily done; but, I assure you, a man must have a pretty steady nerve to do it effectively."

"We could not move the lion then, nor could we stop to take his skin off, for it was very nearly dark. So we resolved to wait until morning, and then have him."

"When we reached the lower corner of the waste we saw a glimmering of water through the trees, and upon pushing our way down we were lucky enough to find ourselves only a few rods from the tent. On the next morning we all went out together, and found the lion just as we had left him. His body measured, from the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, eight feet and nine inches; and, when standing, he must have been nearly five feet high. We took off his skin very carefully, and when I reached home I had it stuffed and set up. It looks very innocent now, as my

children put it with their hands; but I never look at it without thinking of the time when it looked terrible enough to me."

DRESS.

We freely acknowledge that we love to see a woman tastefully habited, if her situation admit of it; but splendor without gentility, as well in this as in every other article where ornament is concerned, will ever seem poor and insipid to all but untainted and vulgar spirits, whereas, on the other side, it is certain that the latter may very well subsist without the former; nor is its effect over



felt more strongly or more happily, than when it receives no assistance from the other, but results solely from our perceptions of elegant simplicity, an object which appears to us deserving of more attention than is commonly paid to it."

In the article of dress young women should let their judgment be seen, by joining frugality and simplicity together, in being never fond of finery, in carefully distinguishing between what is glaring and what is tasteful, in preserving elegance with the plainest habit, in wearing costly array but seldom, and always with ease, a point which may be attained by her who has learned not to think more highly of herself for the richest raiment she can put on. Be assured it is thus you will captivate most and please longest. By pursuing this plan, you will preserve an equality in that indispensable article of neatness. You will be clean and you will be easy, nor will you be in danger of appearing butterflies one day, and slatterns the next."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOR BACK NUMBERS OF THE "LEDGER" we charge four cents a copy. "The Storm-Cloud," runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic-Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold-Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davies," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugee," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karnel, the Scout," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named series on the receipt of the stated sum; or we will mail all the numbers of the Ledger from June 7th, 1856, up to and including the number of March 12th, 1856—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing all of these series complete, on the receipt of \$3. This is certainly cheap reading for eighteen stories complete, besides the immense variety of other matter contained in the Ledger during that period, for \$3.

J. C. K.—You are all mistaken. John Hancock was not the oldest man who signed the Declaration of Independence, by a great many. On the contrary, he was one of the youngest of the immortal signers, being only thirty-nine years old. The oldest of the signers was Benjamin Franklin, then seventy years of age; and the youngest was Thomas Heyward of South Carolina, who was only thirty-three years old. Jefferson was thirty-six and John Adams forty-one. The signer who died first after the Declaration was made, was Burton Gwinnett of Georgia, who died the next year—1777. The member of the illustrious band who lived to the most advanced age and who survived all his fellow-signers, was the celebrated Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., who died in 1832, at the advanced age of ninety-five years. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died on the same day, the Fourth of July, 1826, the former being ninety-one and the latter eighty-three years old. John Hancock, whose bold signature is so familiar to us all, died in the year 1793, at the age of sixty-five. Franklin died in the year 1790, aged eighty-four. It is strange that your teacher could be so mistaken as to suppose that the Declaration was signed in 1776. The fact is, Washington was then at the head of the army, and was not a member of the Congress at all. This is probably sufficient to account for the absence of his signature.

MECHANIC.—Certainly, let your son study drawing if he has a taste for it. The fact that you are a mechanic, or that you are a poor man, is no reason why he should not study drawing, or any other useful art he has a mind to study. It is a matter of surprise to us that a thing so obviously useful as drawing, and in many respects so indispensably necessary, should be so generally disregarded. Parents cannot know what their children will be. By giving your son a solid education, which, thanks to our free-school system, you can easily do, instead of laboring all his days as a journeyman carpenter, as you have done, he will have an opportunity to rise to the head of his profession and win honor and riches as a great builder and architect. A boy who is to be a bricklayer, a carpenter or a stone-mason, would derive much advantage from a thorough, practical knowledge of drawing and natural philosophy. Of course your son should also be taught that the humble duties of an avocation are not to be despised, but that whatever he has to do should be done well. When he places a board, he should be ambitious to place it better than any one else could do it, and so of everything else. But don't neglect his education on any account.

TRAGEDY.—It is very easy to reconcile the widely different accounts of the lion given by the Rev. Dr. Livingstone and by Girard, the Lion-Killer. The lions of southern Africa, whose acquaintance Dr. Livingstone made, are a smaller species, that possess none of the prowess and terrible attributes of the "king of beasts." But the lions of Algeria, which Girard hunted, and of which he gives such thrilling accounts, are the real old monarchs of the forest and the desert, that grow to an immense size, and exhibit a strength, courage and ferocity which are truly appalling. It is not to be supposed that all lions are alike, and of equal courage and prowess, any more than that all dogs are.

SALAMANDER.—Should your father marry a second wife, your sons would be your half-brothers. Should he marry a widow who had a son at the time of his marriage with her, you and that son would be called step-brothers. That is the difference between half-brothers and step-brothers.

JAMES S. B.—Perhaps your dumb bells are too heavy, or you may use them judiciously. Moderate your exercise with them for a time, until the pain in your chest disappears. Bouncing and boxing are excellent exercises, and so are boat-rowing and ball-playing.

JACK BARRY.—A Commodore is a Post Captain of the United States Navy, in command of a squadron.

A HEART-ROCK LOVER says he has for a long time loved a certain young lady, and supposed that she reciprocated his affection. He recently wrote her a note, in which he declared his love and asked her to be his wife, and to his astonishment and grief was informed that she did not love him, but wished him to consider her only as a friend. He wants to know if our information or experience has enabled us to discover any qualities or characteristics of the fair sex, that would warrant him in believing that they sometimes rebuff a man when in fact they intend to accept his offer all the time. We can say, for the satisfaction of our correspondent, that we have read that women sometimes do such things, but we can not speak on the subject from experience. It would do no harm for him to try his obdurate fair one once more.

UNDEVELOPED.—You would do better by staying at home, and attending the college near your father's residence, than by going off among strangers, and spending half your time in earning the means to pay your expenses. A young man of your age should get through college as soon as possible; you have no time to lose.

CHARLES JONES.—We know nothing about the last concern you mention. The other has been broken up. Your best course would be not to entrust your money in the hands of strangers, of whose responsibility you are ignorant, and who, for aught you know, may be swindlers.

JOHN P. W. COBB.—We think that the steamship Great Britain has not visited this port since she ran around on the coast of Ireland.

SKETCH.—You will understand the whole matter

as the story progresses. A YOUNG ONE-SIDED.—This is an age of activity. The competition for "place and power" is incessant and intense in public life. For employment in private as well as in public occupations, it is scarcely less so. Every man of any ambition, or spirit of enterprise, is rallying his friends to push him forward, that he may procure the favor of the appointing power, or of the employer. Not a few are pushing themselves. In the midst of all this struggle and strife—so characteristic of the "fast" as well as earnest age we live in—what do you suppose you can accomplish by remaining inactive and giving over your "ill-luck," as you call it. If you want anything, you must work for it!

A LOVER OF OTTOWA.—There has been far more optimism chewed and smoked in this country of late years, apart from its medical employment, than the common observer would suspect. After the "Washingtonian" Temperance era commenced in 1840, the chewing of this drug was understood to have been adopted as a substitute for intoxicating drinks, by not a few signers of the Temperance pledge. This change was a gain in some respects. Certainly it was so in a social point of view. But no one would venture to say it was so, personally considered, who has ever had optimistic acquaintance, or even amused the lamentable narratives of the victims of this narcotic.

MOLLY MICRIDIAN says she is constantly reading about "first love" being the best and purest kind of love, but she has known many cases where the second love has been the strongest and most enduring, and second marriage the happiest; and she "wants this matter explained and reconciled." The explanation is, that there are exceptions to all rules. It may also be said that sometimes a first love is rebuffed, or ill-returned, or killed off entirely, while in a second love the same person experiences every possible pleasure and contentment, and the fullest requital of his affection, whereby his or her second love is fanned into a deep and ever-glowing passion.

LILLIAN.—You are very unwise in getting into such a quarrel with your lover's relatives. According to your account of the matter, your own folks pride and obstinacy have been mainly instrumental in bringing about the present unpleasant state of things. Your lover's parents, and brothers, and sisters are of course dear to him, and he is right in not being willing to "give them up" to gratify such an unreasonable little compound of selfishness and silliness as you seem to be. We hope he will persist in his many course; and as for you—the best thing you can do is to ask his pardon, and that of his family.

EDWIN.—A young lady, under this signature, says that, in a spirit of playfulness she has engaged herself to four gentlemen, and that as the time set for the wedding days approaches she begins to feel alarmed, and wants to know how she shall extricate herself from the dilemma. She wants to get rid of three of the gentlemen without letting the fourth know that she engaged herself to them. This will be a difficult, if not an impossible thing to do. The foolish girl will have to undergo the mortification of a discovery and take the consequences thereof.

NEARLY NINETEEN.—Every one has a right to regulate his social intercourse, and to select his friends and companions, according to his own taste, provided he keeps within the bounds of sound discretion, and does not offend his parents or guardians. Of course you have a right to interpose their advice and authority. In the case you mention, we think it would be proper for you to follow the dictates of your own heart, unless you have reason to suppose that your parents would prefer that you should pursue a different course.

E. G. R.—It is not necessary to have the old mortgage canceled or satisfied, and a new one given by your brother. That would occasion needless expense. You can pay your half of the mortgage, and take from the mortgagee a release of your half, which you will have put on record, and that will make the matter all square and safe. If you prefer to have it done the other way, the mortgagee's lawyer will of course gratify you, as he would thereby make more money.

DOCTOR.—We cannot say, on such meagre evidence as you have furnished, whether the charge of mal-practice could be sustained against you or not. It looks unfavorable to you, however, and a public trial might easily damage you more than the amount of your bill.

FRANK.—We know it is a popular superstition that one who sees the new moon first over his left shoulder will have bad luck during the rest of that month, and that he who sees it over his right shoulder will have good luck; but you are silly to put any faith in such "signs."

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Such a difference of religious views as you mention is very apt to work unpleasantly in married life, especially when the parents of the husband and wife are tenacious on the subject. You should be extremely cautious how you run such a risk.

FACTORY GIRL.—It is not necessary that a wife should be five years younger than her husband, or any younger; but the experience of the whole civilized world seems to have shown that, except in rare cases, it is better for the husband to be somewhat older than his wife.

PETER MANGLERS.—Washington was born on the 22nd day of February, 1732, and had he lived until the 22nd of last February would, therefore, have been one hundred and twenty-six years old instead of one hundred and twenty-five.

D. D. D.—The President's Cabinet is composed of the six heads of departments, the Secretaries of War, the Navy, State, and Interior, and the Attorney, and Postmaster, General.

LAUREA LITER.—The doctrine advanced by the person you mention is false and ridiculous. Ask him if he ever read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," or Milton's "Paradise Lost."

WORLD DO WELL.—If you can reconcile yourself to the pursuit of your father's business, you should gratify him by remaining with and assisting him. We should think you would be delighted to gratify such an excellent father.

AGORA.—If you love the gentleman who has offered you his hand and heart, accept his offer, and let "that other one" go. You should not perill your happiness to gratify the whims of anybody.

J. P. D.—Very young persons can learn to "operate a telegraph." It is quite a simple matter after one learns how it is done.

LOUISA.—Were it in our power, we would be pleased to grant your request; we have a hundred such applications every week—not all of them, perhaps, so feelingly written.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—The only way you can overcome your bashfulness by going into company as much as possible. Don't be afraid of the girls. They won't hurt you.

AUTHOR.—Don't be in a hurry to "win" the petulant gentleman. Wait awhile, and see if he is worth the winning.

INQUIRER.—The word "Sikh" does not merely imply the native of the country, like the words Englishman, American, or Frenchman, but it means a member of a religious sect, as the words Christian, Mahometan, Jew. This sect, or brotherhood, was founded in the fifteenth century by Namik, a man of powerful eloquence and persuasion, whose words spread so rapidly that in a little time a host of many thousand believers had flocked to his standard. Namik, who was regarded as a great prophet, taught the most diffusive principles of toleration, consistency, and equity. His worship was of no consequence, provided the one God was worshipped alone. The other Asiatic tribes looked with great disdain and hatred upon the liberal and humane faith of the Sikhs. The Mahometans, above all, were so filled with hatred against them, that about a century and a half ago, the establishment of the Sikhs, they set upon them in the most barbarous manner, and besides slaughtering many of them, they killed the High Priest. This violent endeavor to destroy their religion, by putting its followers to death, converted this hitherto inoffensive people from a peaceful to a military race, and in time they became the most warlike and dreaded of all the East Indian tribes, disputing even the supremacy of European tactics and valor on the bloody fields of Moodkee and Ferozshahur. A particular class of the Sikhs called Akalees are a terrible set. These are the men who carry the round circular missile, called the *quoit*, which has a hole in the center, and is ground at the edge so thin and treacherous that it will glide through the neck of the victim in its course, and sever his head from his body. The Akalees deem it a merit in them to kill men of a different creed; and when they have cut off a head with their flying *quoit*, they kneel down and pray, offering up their victim as a sacrifice. In personal appearance the Sikhs are a very fine race of men, tall and muscular, and with eyes of unsurpassed fire and beauty.

AN INSURED LOVER says that four years ago he entered into a marriage engagement with a young lady, the parents of whom were so solicitous after his return from Europe, where he had spent three years and a half instead of eighteen months; but during all this time he kept up a correspondence with the young lady, and sent her many valuable presents. He also (on hearing from the parents that she was in embarrassed circumstances) sent her anonymously a large sum of money, which she received and used. Towards the last part of his sojourn in Europe, he observed that the letters of his betrothed grew less ardent and loving in tone, but thought nothing particular about that circumstance. On arriving at home, to his dismay he found that the young lady was engaged, and about to be married, to an old acquaintance of his. He expostulated with her, but in vain. She is indignant at his having remained abroad so long, and considers his prolongation of his absence as a breach of her engagement. The question is whether he could enforce the engagement or not. We think not; and even if you could, it would be very unwise to do so. What happiness could you expect to take with a wife who loved another man better than yourself—who, in fact, would despise you and hate you? Your best course would be to let her marry whomsoever she pleases.

NOMOS.—You certainly draw a very unpleasant picture of "a married woman's lot," but we think your vision is obscured by morbid discontent. A woman who has four children, and whose circumstances compel her to forego the services of servants, certainly has a wearisome lot, and it is not to be wondered at if, at times, she becomes worn out and disheartened. But would you be willing to be deprived of your children for the sake of enjoying greater ease? Would you exchange the drudgery of a mother for the lonely freedom of a childless wife? The trouble is, people are too apt to consider only the ills, and annoyances, and disagreeable features of a present, actual state, and to ponder only upon the pleasant and ideal features of a different condition. The housekeeper fancies that it would be so much more pleasant to board; the boarder thinks it would be infinitely more comfortable to keep house. Parents in straitened circumstances gloomily count the cost, and sharply feel the annoyances of children; childless parents grieve and lament over the lack of offspring, and envy the supposed happiness of their reigning neighbors. And so we go on through life, seeking out and dwelling on the thorns and thistles, and overlooking the flowers which a benevolent Providence does not fail to strew in the humblest path. Resolve to be contented; look at the best side of your present condition; you will find many blessings which you now enjoy; be determined to make the best of your lot, whatever it is, and you will feel a new influx of life, energy, contentment and happiness.

REIGN OF TERROR.—You have not read history aright. All the people executed during the first French revolution did not equal in number those whom Napoleon has executed, and banished to the deadly climate of Cayenne. During the "Reign of Terror," it is so happened that the people turned the tables upon their life-long oppressors, and cut off royal and noble heads; hence the outcry. But the blood of the millions of Frenchmen who perished under the bloody tyrannical kings and despots had stained, tortured, murdered and sacrificed in every conceivable manner. There never was more healthy and needed public phlebotomy than that practiced by the old French revolutionaries. The world of course has been better had they shown more discrimination.

MISS C.—It is difficult to give anybody a "practical idea" of love, who has not experienced the love of a woman. I will give explanations, illustrations, and examples of love. The mother who, while expiring in the sea, holds up her babe as she herself sinks, proves that there lives in her spirit a feeling unconnected with any and every personal interest, and this is pure love. She loves her child more than her own life, and has a thought still left for its protection, when she has none for her own fate. That is love: let the idea of self go out of the spirit altogether, and to live only for and by the object we cherish.

LOVE-LORE.—You should not take the disappointment so seriously to heart. As for "never marrying," we can say more, and "dying in your life's young prime," that is all nonsense. In less than a month your appetite will be as good as ever it was, and you will laugh at your present dyspeptic melancholy. Instead of grieving so over the loss of your lover, you should be thankful that you have escaped being married to such a faithless, treacherous scamp.

AN EXPERIENCED PAPA says he has a little baby boy, of which he is very fond, etc., but whose crying he can't stand. It seems that the little fellow has good lungs, and uses them incessantly, to the utter destruction of his "inexperienced papa."

All we can say for this gentleman is, that he has not patiently waited until he became experienced in this sort of thing. Babies will cry, and papas must "stand it!"

STYL.—You did wrong to believe the slander. Your case is but another proof of the fact that we multiply our own sorrows by not examining the source they emanate from. A tale-bearer in society should be regarded as a pest, who has got the plague, and people should consider the atmosphere he breathes as tainted and poisonous.

JOHN.—You were "sold" evidently. The Timothy Hay that the horses so bit, and trampled upon, should probably have been written Timothy lay—without the capital letters, and then your sympathies for the unfortunate pines would have been spared. Horses are very apt to bite, and trample on hay—especially that kind of hay known as *timothy*.

MISS MONTGOMERY wants to know what grammar is the best and the most universally used in the schools of the United States. We do not know which is the most generally used, but we think that the best for your purpose is the one who is endeavoring to instruct themselves without the aid of teachers.

CARACOLE.—Step into a lawyer's office and look at the statute of limitations for your State, and you will there learn how long after a breach of promise a person can sue. Has he committed a suit may be brought against the party guilty of the offense.

G. G.—A man whose income is but \$1200 a year, and who pays \$600 per annum for house-rent, can never get along honestly. No one can afford to pay more than a pittance for his income for house-rent—or, at the very most, one fourth.

PROVERB.—Illinois is probably the most fertile State in the Union, take it all in all. Any of the Western States is fertile enough, however, and the advantages of healthiness, fertility, wood and water are about equally balanced among them.

JUSTICE.—Your opponent will probably agree with you that "justice should be done." The difficulty will be to harmonize your views as to what would be justice.